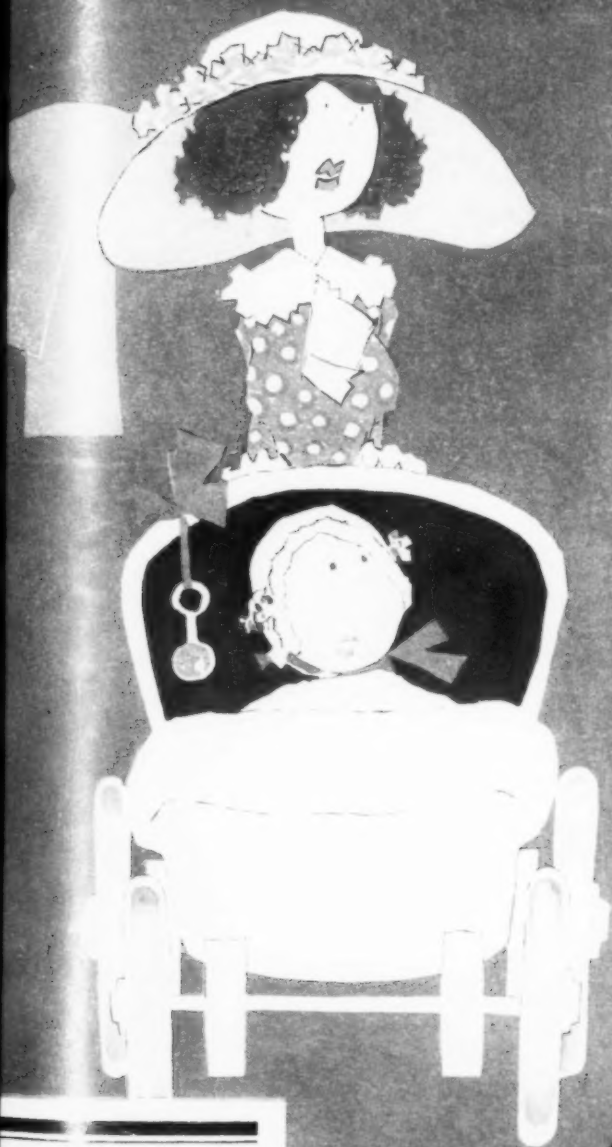


Life

BACK NUMBER

MAY 19, 1927

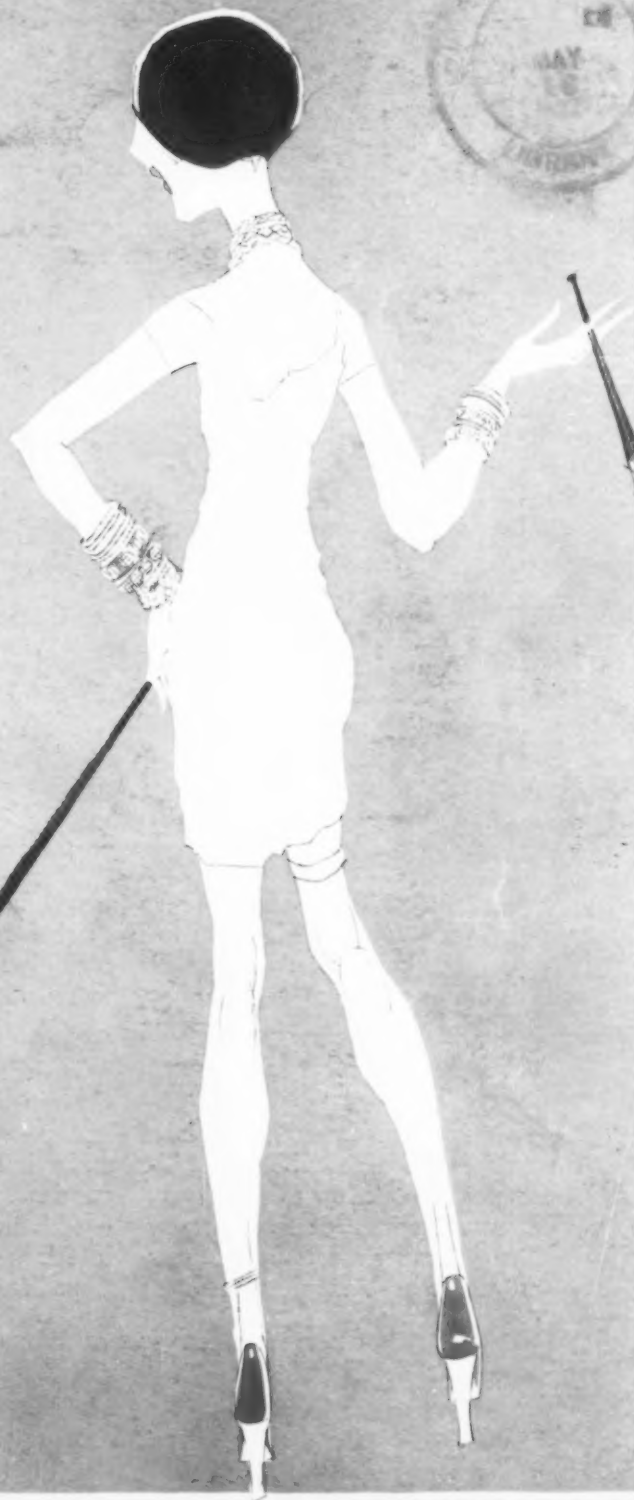
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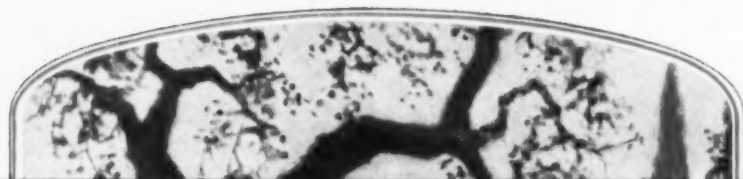


Containing
AN INTERESTING
COLLECTION OF
Old Jokes

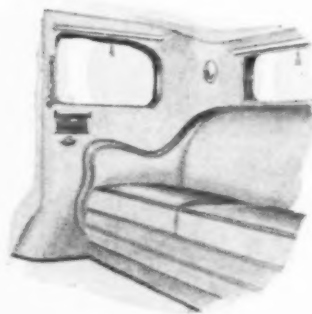


John
Kell h





THE LAST WORD IN MAGNIFICENCE



The New ROYAL EIGHT

LITTLE could anyone foresee ten years ago, or as lately as five years ago, that the automobile would progress to such beauty, such elegance, such sweet-running performance as you find in this new Royal Eight by Chandler.

With a modernized chassis of admirable length and Gibraltar-like strength, built low to the ground for both looks and safety—possessing Chandler's *centralized* lubrication system—and with Chandler's

great Pikes Peak power principle carried out in eight cylinders—marvelous results are obtained in *smoothness* and *quietness* at all speeds.











With new body types resplendent in style and sumptuous in luxury—appointed, fitted, curtained and upholstered with the care and good taste of a rich drawing room—with nothing lacking, nothing half-done, this new Royal Eight by Chandler is at once a man's idea of

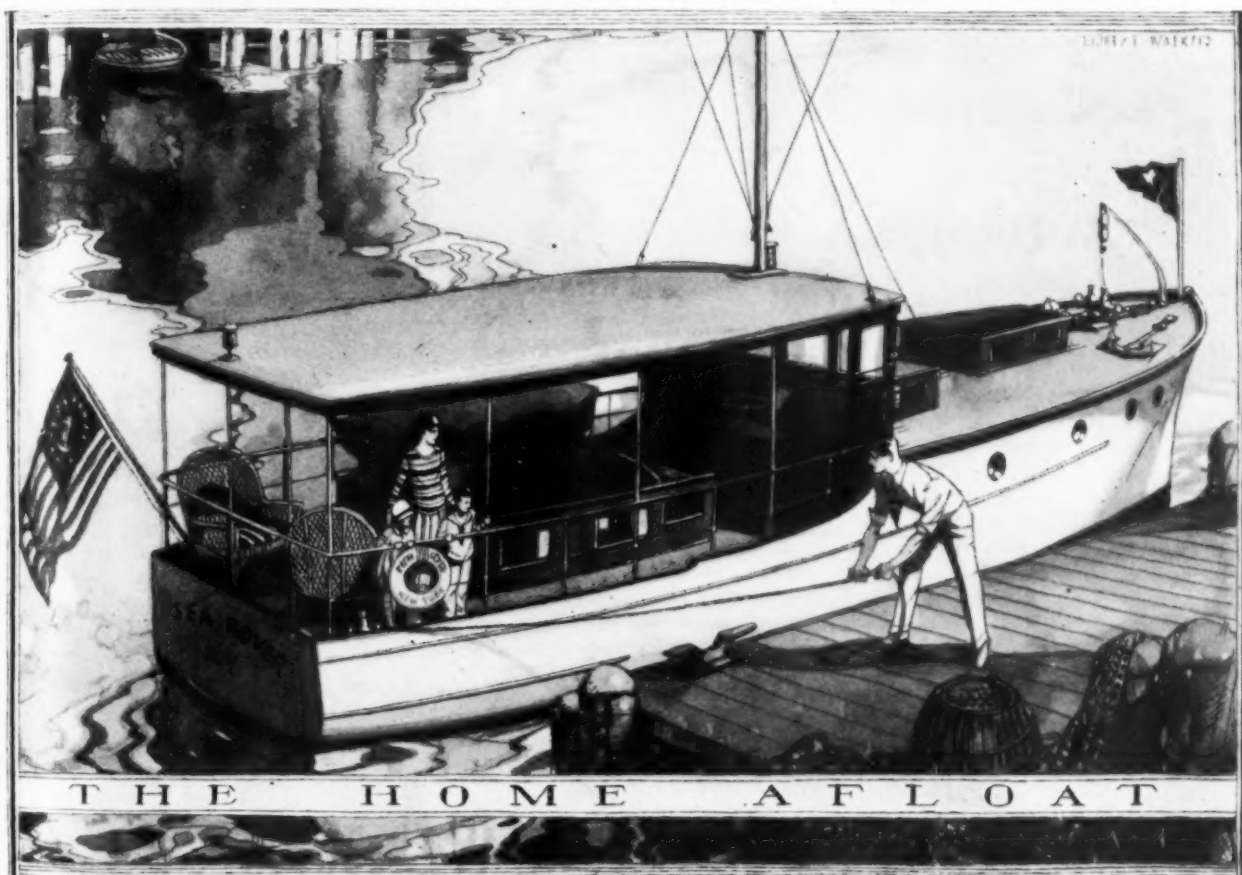
a *man's* car and a woman's idea of a *woman's* car.

Side by side with this magnificent Eight, possessing the same appeals in relative degree, is a charming new line of Chandler Sixes—the Sixes and Eights totaling twenty-five different body styles—with split-hair prices ranging from only \$945 to \$2295, f. o. b. Factory. We proudly ask you to compare these cars with anything else on wheels—bar none!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION • CLEVELAND
CHANDLER
ROYAL EIGHTS • BIG SIXES • SPECIAL SIXES • STANDARD SIXES



THEY deserve better than stifling city streets.  Why not treat your wife and children to a real vacation this summer? Take them on a healthful, never-to-be-forgotten cruise over blue-green waters.  Think what such a trip would mean to them! Cool days and cooler nights  invigorating sea breezes  a carefree life in the open! Fishing, bathing and countless other outdoor sports!  You can travel over free sea lanes instead of dusty, traffic-jammed highways. You can visit picturesque spots never seen by the motorist. You can get away from everything and everybody. You can forget your cares and business worries.  Start planning now for joyous days on summer seas. Write for pamphlet L, which describes in detail the latest models of standardized cruisers.    



Every Elco Cruiser is a real "Home Afloat" with comfortable berths, a serviceable galley and all the other comforts and conveniences to be found ashore. And remember—motor cruising is surprisingly inexpensive . . . well within your means.

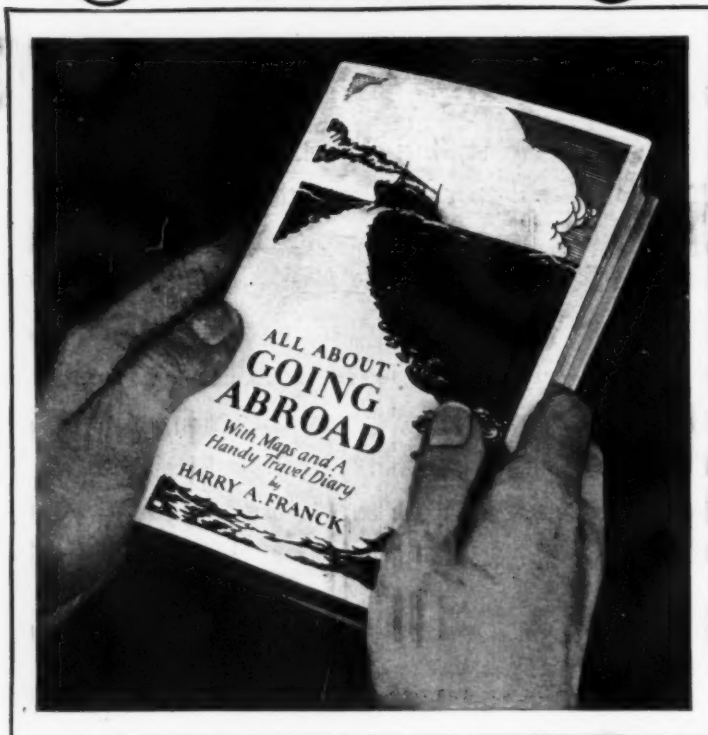
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Answers 1001 travel questions—published by Brentano's—\$1.00 at all bookstores

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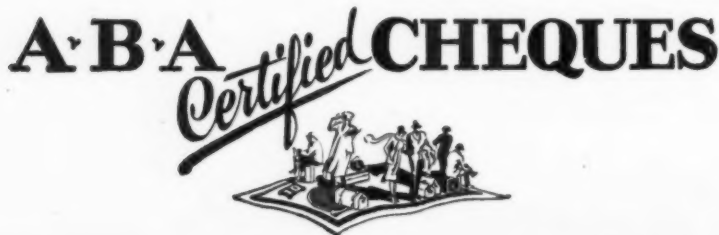
oughly accustomed to foreign travel.

Through special arrangements with the publishers a complimentary copy of Mr. Franck's book will be given to those who purchase A·B·A Cheques for use abroad.

A·B·A Cheques are the *official* travelers cheques of the American Bankers Association. They are the only *certified* travel cheques enjoying world-wide acceptance. Yet they cost no more than ordinary travel funds.

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New York, London and Paris, acts for the American Bankers Association as Manager of A·B·A Cheques

Rhymed Reviews

The Loom of the Fool

By Austin MacLeod George H. Doran Co.

THE ladies, good and slightly bad,
Were after Mr. Richard Gordon;

To shoo them off he should have had
A nurse, a tutor and a warden.

For when he'd lost his worthy mate,
This guileless child of only fifty,
Both maids and widows thought his
state
Of single-blessedness unthrifty.

But loath as yet to settle down,
He vowed the world was his per-
simmon
And hied him off to Gotham town
And women, women, women,
women!

One could not call our hero wild
Without a shocking want of can-
dor
(He was, I said, a guileless child),
And still our Richard *did* philan-
der.

For sheltering helpless loveliness
From woes however dark and
weighty
Is hardly safe when one is less
Than sixty-nine — no, make it
eighty.

But pretty soon he lightly shook
These waifs and strays and maids
distressful,
And found the time to print a book
That proved astoundingly success-
ful.

Thus, having made the world his
own,
He quit our bleak Atlantic sea-
board
And hurried home to marry Joan,
Who deftly played the typist's
keyboard.

Still, artless reader, do not bow,
Like Richard, in the House of
Rimmon,
But everywhere and anyhow
Beware of women, women, women!
Arthur Guiterman.

NEXT WEEK

The *ADVANCE* NUMBER—
containing a wild, weird orgy of
futuristic art. Don't miss it!



Picturing the Light Six Sedan

A Low Price for Such Luxury

Before you buy any car at less than \$1000 glance over and into this Nash Light Six Sedan. And be sure to drive it!

It is a Six, not a Four, and a Six with 7-bearing, *the world's smoothest type*. And most aggressive, as well. Watch this Nash step ahead when the traffic starts.

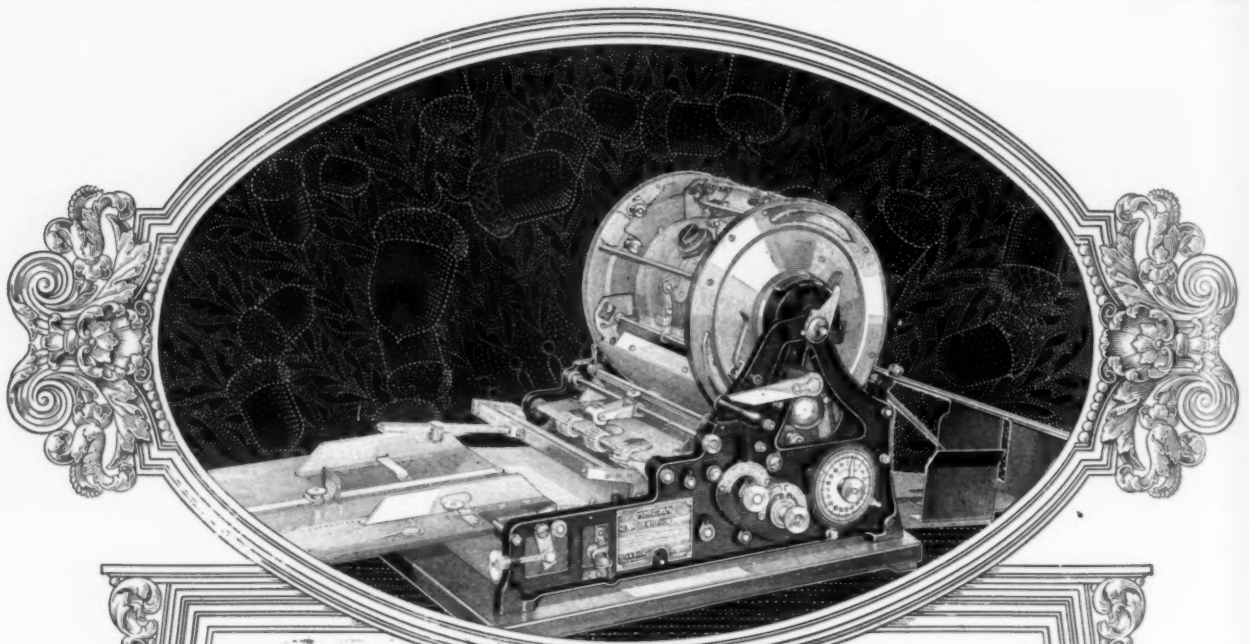
This car has the finest type of 4-wheel brakes in all the world. Front wheel brakes internal expanding—rear wheel brakes external contracting—*two-way* action for greater efficiency and safety.

And nowhere else will such a low price buy

so much quality in finish and fittings. There are Double Beam Headlights; Air cleaner; Oil filter; Gasoline filter; Alemite High Pressure Chassis lubrication; Automatic windshield wiper; Rear vision mirror; and 5 Budd Michelin Steel Disc Wheels.

Instruments, including a gasoline gauge, are grouped in an attractive panel on the dash. All these are features you need for safety, comfort and satisfactory performance.

You always will be proud of your good judgment—your satisfaction will never end—when you buy a Nash!



Stout growth in business depends upon right brains plus right tools

Clear thinking alone won't do the big job. In this highly competitive day the most efficient equipment obtainable is a *necessary* factor in success. Thousands of institutions throughout the world, and particularly in America, are absolutely dependent upon the Mimeograph for the success of many important activities.

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Its ability to turn out tens of thousands of well printed form letters, bulletins, diagrams, etc., in the course of the day's work, with little trouble, and scarcely any expense, has made this "speed device" a really important tool in modern advancement.

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A. B. Dick Company
Chicago

M I M E O G R A P H



Life



Caveman Father: YOU CAN TALK ALL YOU WANT ABOUT FASHION—BUT I THINK IT'S INDECENT FOR A GIRL TO OVERDRESS HERSELF LIKE THAT.

His Daughter: OH, COME, DAD—DON'T BE SO HORRIBLY PREHISTORIC.

75000 B. C.

It Seems There Were a Couple of Cells

The scene is a plateau of primal ooze. Things are in terrible shape. Nobody knows what to do because there is nobody. The Earth is practically new and nothing is alive except a lot of—what shall we say?

Two of these emerge from the mud together and sit down on a dry spot. There seems to be some idea of talking things over.

SECOND UNIT: Oh, well, what's the diff? Nobody is perfect.

FIRST UNIT: Is that any reason why we shouldn't each one of us try just as hard as we can to make this little old world a happier place to live in? I, for one, am sick and tired of living a lie.

SECOND UNIT: I know what you

mean, of course, but I really think that "lie" is a little too harsh a word.

FIRST UNIT: You certainly are a stickler, Phil, but darned if I don't feel better just for having talked to you. If I could only get rid of this old headache!

SECOND UNIT: Where does it ache—here in front?

FIRST UNIT: No, right here, from the top of my head right over back.

SECOND UNIT: I know all about that kind. Mine usually turn into a regular sick headache and I have to go to bed.

FIRST UNIT: My, my, that's no fun.

SECOND UNIT: Well, I suppose it's back to the old grind. I'd like to take the afternoon off.

FIRST UNIT: Heigh-ho! No such luck!

(They slip back into the ooze and disappear.)

Robert Benchley

FIRST UNICELLULAR UNIT: How are you fixed for insurance?

SECOND UNIT: I don't know. How are you?

FIRST UNIT: That reminds me, I saw Lilith the other day and she has put on weight.

SECOND UNIT: Where?

FIRST UNIT: Where has she put on weight?

SECOND UNIT: No, no—where did you see her? I phrased my question clumsily.

FIRST UNIT: I should say you did!



3000 B. C.

The Emperor (to his head-man): KEEP YOUR LEFT ARM RIGID, CHIANG, AND DON'T FORGET THE FOLLOW THROUGH!

2700 B. C.



Mrs. Cheops: I HEAR THAT WORK ON THE GREAT PYRAMID HAS BEEN HELD UP BY LABOR TROUBLES.

Cheops: YES—WE GOT SOME DIRTY BOLSHIEVIKS ON THE JOB AND THEY'VE PERSUADED THE REST OF THE BOYS TO STRIKE FOR AN EIGHTEEN-HOUR DAY.

Nice Kitty

THE Piltdown Man was taking a last look around the cave before turning in for the night. His mate had already composed herself for slumber when, without warning, there appeared in the starlit cave-mouth the huge head and massive shoulders of a sabretooth tiger. Silently, and without disturbing his spouse, the Man advanced upon the great beast and, with one blow, knocked it unconscious.

"What are you doing out there?" called the Woman, sleepily.

"Nothing, dear," the Man replied. "Just putting out the cat, that's all." *A. M. S., Jr.*

Playing the Game

CRAWFORD: Did that sensational minister ever meet the author of the lewd book he roasted in the pulpit?

CRABSHAW: Yes, when they were both writing up a murder trial for a tabloid.

A Man in a Thousand

"THERE goes the most unusual fellow in our class. He knows exactly what he's expected to do when he's out of college."

"Why, there's nothing unusual about that."

"No; but he's going to do it."



1200 B. C.

Pharaoh: IS DISS A SYSTEM?
Pharaoh's Daughter: HM—DUN'T ESK!!

650 B. C.



"I HEAR YOU SACRIFICED A BULLOCK, ASURBANIPAL, AND THE AUGURIES WERE UNFAVORABLE."
 "YES, THE SOOTH-SAYER GAVE ME A BUM STEER."

Waived

SHE: Why should I let you kiss me?
 HE: Well, if you want a technical explanation, that will take some time. It's like this—
 SHE: Oh, go ahead and kiss me.

THE Civil Service Commission is looking for 2,500 men with spotless pasts to enforce Prohibition. The men will be procured about the time that this country gets a good five-cent cigar.

Inside That Wooden Horse Outside the Walls of Troy

"HEY, buddy! Get yer foot off my neck or I'll sock you one.... Pipe down, y'big sap!... Anybody got a cigarette?... Migawd, but it's hot here.... C'mon, now, who's got that bottle?... Say, you birds, ever hear that one about the salesman who.... Wonder if these Troy Janes are as classy as they say?... Boy, me for a blonde.... Say, if you step on my face again.... What time is it?... An' I says to the captain, I says.... Yeah! But you don't see them guys puttin' in a night in any cockeyed wooden horse.... Y'know the first thing I'm gonna do when this war's over?... Listen, lemme tell you about that little kid.... I says to him: Lemme see them bones a minute.... Who? That shave-tail? Say, if he ever gets funny with me.... She's gotta husband somewhere.... C'mon, lets sing: 'Oh, Mademoiselle from'.... Pipe down, y'damn' fool!... Who did that?... Hey! When do we eat?"

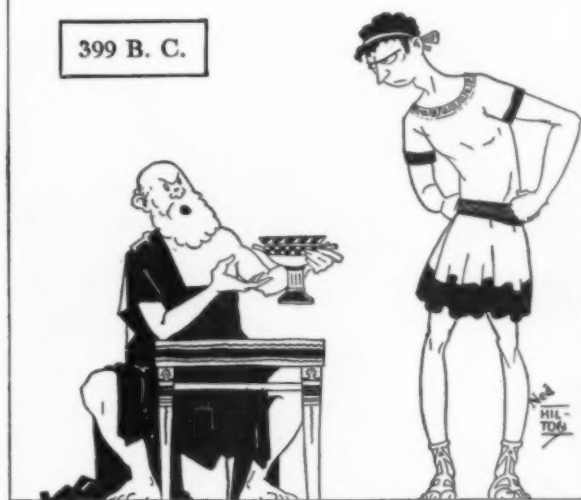
Chet Johnson.

Stage Weight

YVONNE: How much do you weigh?

DOLORES: A hundred and twenty dressed, a hundred and fifteen Ziegfeld.

399 B. C.



Socrates (with the hemlock bowl): I HATE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE SERVICE HERE—BUT HAVE YOU HAD THIS STUFF ANALYZED?



45 B.C.

Julius Caesar's Telephone Pad

Almost the Noblest Roman

SCENE: Interior of the Mussolini family car. Signor Mussolini driving; Signora Mussolini in rear.

MUSSOLINI: So I said to Victor Emmanuel, I said, "King, I'm very sorry to have to overrule you in such

a trivial matter, very sorry indeed, but—"

SIGNORA M.: Benito! Don't look at me over your shoulder when you're driving. You very nearly hit that spaghetti factory. And I don't want to have to speak about this again!

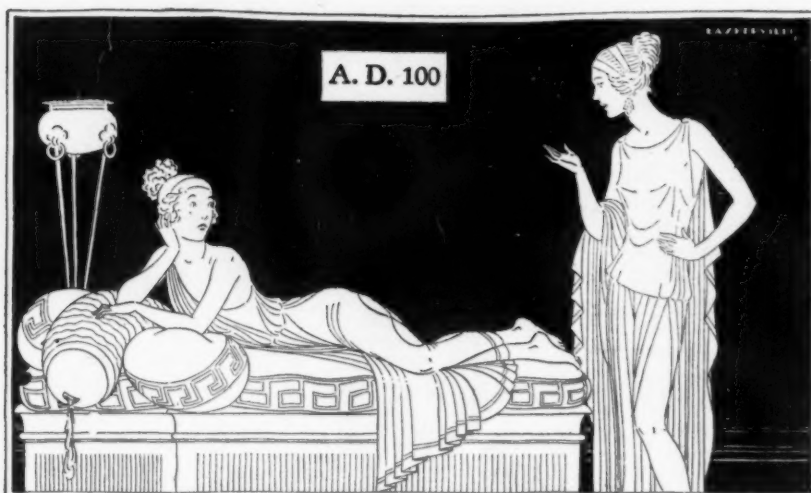
MUSSOLINI: Yes, my dear. I have concluded to establish strong military garrisons along the shores of the Adriatic and Mediterranean—

SIGNORA M.: Oh, that reminds me! Benito, I won't go to the Italian Lakes again this season. Nobody is going there any more. They're all going to the mountains. By the way, I bought the tickets yesterday.

MUSSOLINI: As you say, my dear. I shall then concentrate a powerful fleet—

SIGNORA M.: Oh, I must get those water-wings. Before we go any further, Benito, turn around and drive back to Pagliacci & Trotatore's. I won't be a half a second.

MUSSOLINI: Yes, my dear. (He
(Please turn to page 29)



Flavia: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE TERRIBLE GROUCH?

Fulvia: WHO WOULDN'T BE SORE? JUST WHEN THE BIG ORGY SEASON IS ABOUT TO START, THEY APPOINT ME TO SERVE AS A VESTAL VIRGIN!

A. D. 750



Scheherazade (finishing her Bed-Time Story): AND THAT, DEAR KIDDIES, IS
HOW PETER RABBIT CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

"Onward Christian Soldiers"



A. D. 1099

The Boys Embark on the First Crusade

Primer for Stenographers

The Filing Cabinet

THIS is a filing cabinet. It is a green filing cabinet. It is a very nice filing cabinet. It has four drawers. I can put my hat in the cabinet. I can put my library books in the cabinet, too. To-morrow, I will buy a magazine and put it in the cabinet. See, I have put my gum on the inside of a drawer. It will stay there until to-morrow. Then I will chew my gum again. It will still retain its flavor.

The Telephone

HERE is a telephone. The telephone has a receiver. I can talk into the telephone. I can talk to my friends. I can talk to Mary. Mary works across the street. Do you hear the telephone ringing? I will answer the telephone. It is my friend calling. I will talk to my friend: "Hello. No, I am not busy. Are you busy? I am fine, thank you. How are you? I am very glad that you are feeling well. Yes, I have a new hat. Did you like my new hat?"

... (half an hour) ... I think some one is trying to get this line. I will call you later. I wish to tell you something. It is a great secret. Good-by." The telephone is a great convenience.

The Typewriter

THIS is the typewriter. It is a new typewriter. Its keys are clean and shiny. They will not be clean and shiny very long. The typewriter has a black and red ribbon on it. Can you write on a typewriter? I can write on a typewriter (?). I will write letters on the typewriter. I will write letters to my friends. I will write you a letter.

The Pencil Sharpener

THIS is the pencil sharpener. I sharpen my pencils in the pencil sharpener. I sharpen my pencils six times every day. I have twelve pencils. They are yellow pencils. I like yellow pencils. I like to sharpen my pretty yellow pencils.

The Boss

THAT is the Boss. He is wearing a hat. He has a cigar. It is a black cigar. He is smoking the black cigar. He has a newspaper, too. He is reading the newspaper. His feet are on his desk. They are very big feet. Soon he will take his coat and go out. He will say to me: "I will be back in an hour if any one calls."

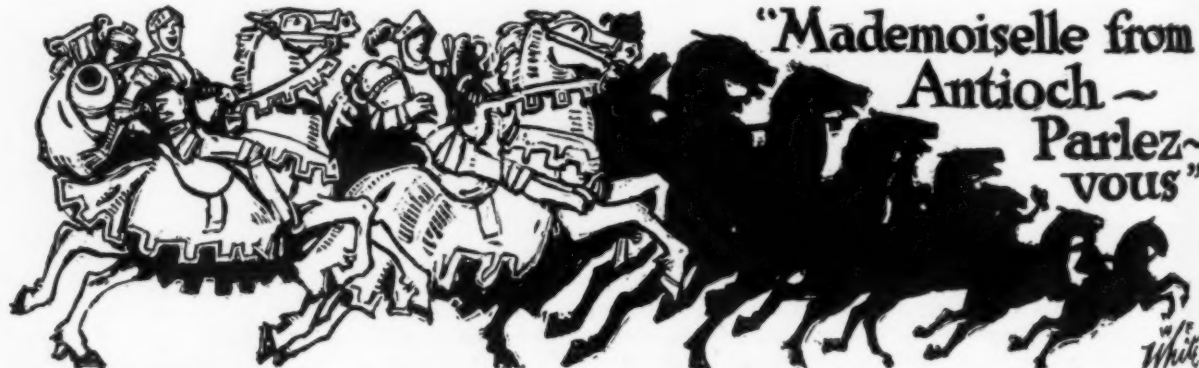
The Clock

THIS is the clock. It is a big clock. The hands move very slowly. Sometimes they stop. I am looking at the clock. I like to look at the clock. I can tell the time. I always know what time it is. Can you tell the time? It is now five o'clock. I am going home. Good-by.

Madlyn Jewell.

Ticklish Job

TED: How is it you're so puzzled about picking out a book?
NED: This one is for my Boston girl.

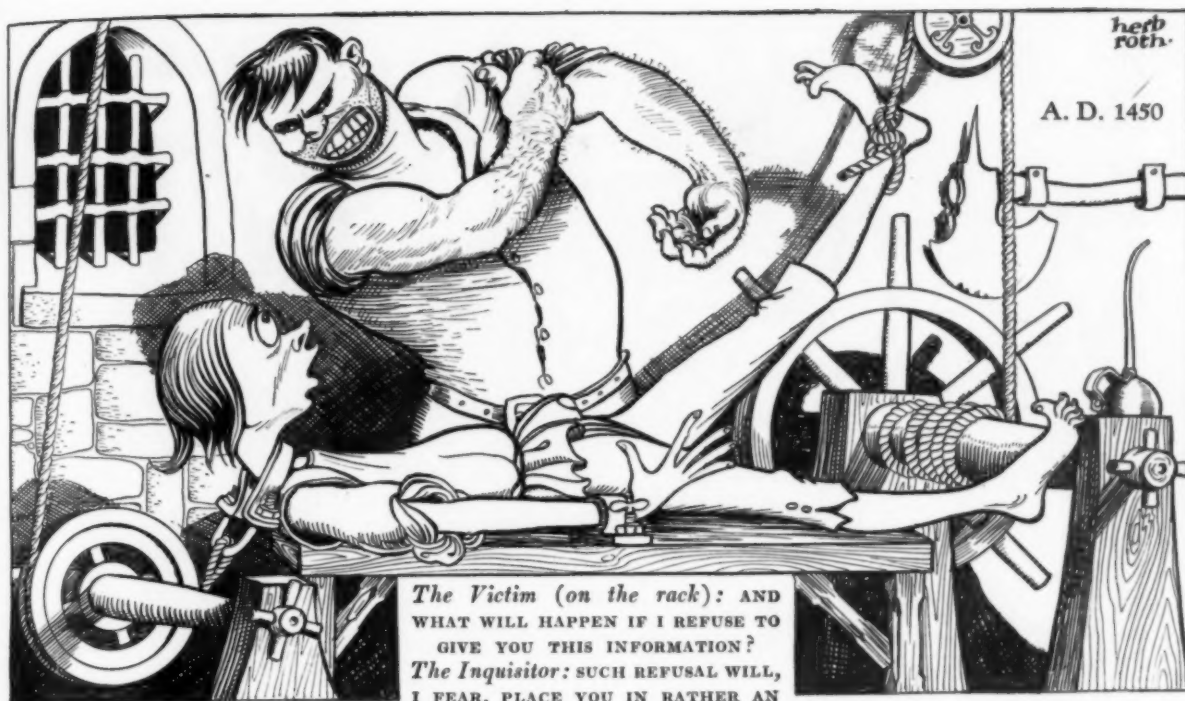


A. D. 1101

The Boys Return from the First Crusade

"Mademoiselle from Antioch ~ Parlez-vous"

White



The Victim (on the rack): AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I REFUSE TO GIVE YOU THIS INFORMATION?
The Inquisitor: SUCH REFUSAL WILL, I FEAR, PLACE YOU IN RATHER AN AWKWARD POSITION.

How Merlin Did Floppe

An Arthurian Legend

AND through the castle Vivien went with Merlin who shewed her monie a strange thing and odd, how he did place the head of a swine upon this gentle and that, how he did make moonshine from cowcubers and cast spells upon gret dragons and other angry bestes.

"And canst thou make every sort of magick?" quoth Vivien.

"Aye, that can I," spake Merlin, "white, black and red and pastel shades if need be. I am a gret wissard."

"Thou canst do anything?"

"Anything," quoth Merlin.

"Then," spake Vivien,

and she tooke down a telephone from a litel tabel, "get mee Camelot 5442—and get it the first time."

Whereupon Merlin waxed wroth and rent his bearde. And he did rent it for fifty florins to Sir Gawaine who was but a youthe at the time.

A DIPLOMAT is a man who convinces his wife that a woman looks stout in a fur coat.

A Story with a Moral

"IT was wonderfully brave of you to stick at your post and notify every one of the fire," insisted the young reporter.

"Maybe," said the hotel telephone girl, "but, gee, I got a kick out of it! You see, the fire broke out at three in the morning and one old guy in Room 1802 was pretty sore because I waked him up. 'You so-and-so,' he says, before I had a chance to tell him the house was on fire, 'what do you mean by ringing me and so-and-so-and-so.' So as sweet as you please, I says: 'Excuse it, please. Wrong number.' He's in there yet."

Not Approved

JO: What do you think of this new kiss-proof lipstick?

FLO: It isn't all it's smacked up to be.



First Florentine Flapper: WHAT'S YOUR CANDID OPINION OF LUCREZIA BORGIA?
Second Ditto: WELL, IF YOU ASK ME, MY DEAR, I THINK SHE'S SIMPLY POISONOUS—I MEAN I ACTUALLY DO!



Will Shakespeare (the Bard): I'VE GOT A WOW OF A PLOT FOR MY NEXT SHOW, YOUR MAJESTY. IT'S ABOUT TWO FAMILIES THAT HATE EACH OTHER AND THE SON OF ONE FAMILY FALLS IN LOVE WITH THE DAUGHTER OF THE OTHER OUTFIT AND...

Elizabeth (the Queen): LAY OFF IT, WILL. THE PUBLIC IS GETTING TERRIBLY TIRED OF THE OLD "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" FORMULA.

Those Frolicksome Boyes

(Part of a Vaudeville Act by an Unknown Elizabethan Playwright)

"HOW now, Master Sappe, last night I tolde my mother-in-lawe that she could make good sausage."

"Thou toldst thy mother-in-law that she could make good sausage,

what! what! And then, Master Simpe?"

"Thou thinkest I am a good cook?" saith she. 'Nay,' quoth I."

"Marry come up, let me gette this straight. Thou saith thy mother-in-law could make good sausage yet thou sayest she is not a good cook?"

"Oddso, my mother-in-law could make good sausage—were some one kind enough to run her throe a meat chopper!... An thou wilt be so good, professor..." (They go into a morris dance.)

H. W. H.



At the University of Pisa

Frosh: I HEAR GALILEO HAS BEEN CAUGHT CRIBBING.

Soph: YES, HE LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW THE NIGHT OF THE ASTROLOGY EXAM.

Definitions

From an Archaic Dictionary

BABBITT—A metallic alloy.
Moron—A kind of salamander.
Tabloid—A small tablet.
Dumbbell—Weight for exercise.
Sheba—Part of Ethiopia.
Drugstore—Place where drugs are sold.
Husband—Head of a household.
Teddies—Plural of Teddy.

J. C. T.

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER EIGHTEEN

The Sucker: FIFTY DOLLARS FOR GINGER ALE AND SANDWICHES! HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

Waiter: WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S THIS WAY... *The meal itself was ten dollars and the playing of the orchestra was forte.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by:

H. RAMSBOTTOM,
1417 Seventh Avenue, N. W.,
Calgary, Canada.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

T. R. ELWELL, *Seattle, Washington*, for the Alibi: "We furnished a lot of spice besides."

MARGARET T. HEALEY, *New York City*, for the Alibi: "Separate a flat tire from its jack and shock absorbers are of no avail."

Mrs. JOHN LAFON, *Lexington, Kentucky*, for the Alibi:

"The ale was	X cellent
Sandwiches	X ceptional
Music	X hilarating
Service	X pert

so, if the charge is X orbitant

the total is 50."

MILDRED C. WILL, *Erie, Pennsylvania*, for the Alibi: "There's quite a large 'cover' charge to-night, sir. I just persuaded your wife you weren't here."

MARIE SHEPARD YOST, *Huntington, West Virginia*, for the Alibi: "The ginger ale is free; the sandwiches wuz ate and the jazz wuz forte, too."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 34

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

THE twenty-third chapter in the great Missing Alibi serial appears below, graphically portrayed by Leonard Holton.

It describes a moment that is familiar to most of us, who have been in this same predicament ourselves and have been compelled to think up a quick answer.

What is yours?

Put yourself in the position of the small boy. What would you say to your suspecting parent? How would you turn away her wrath, and escape the terrible consequences of a childish misdemeanor?

Think up a clever, ingenious Alibi for use in this emergency and send it in, posthaste, to the Alibi Contest Editor. If you're sufficiently

good at it, you'll be rewarded in a substantial, financial way.

Over one hundred people have already received cash prizes in the Alibi Contest, and there are many more happy winners to come. There's no reason why you shouldn't be one of them.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of
\$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR will appear in LIFE next week.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-THREE



Mother: WELL, BOBBY, IF YOU WEREN'T IN SWIMMING TO-DAY PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL MOTHER WHY YOUR UNDERSHIRT IS WRONG SIDE OUT?

Bobby: GEE, MA! YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...



A. D. 1609

Hudson (leaving Manhattan Island): WELL—IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR A VISIT, BUT I WOULDN'T LIVE HERE IF YOU GAVE ME THE PLACE.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

April 26th At some pains this morning to maintain towards my husband the coolness superinduced last night by his taking seriously my setting, in an intelligence test, a mark before "leave it there" as the most preferable of three alternatives of procedure after a load of coal has been stuck in the mud, in especial as I had need of some money to lay out for some new linen and was wishful of his consent to go to Atlantic

City with Marge Boothby, and the wretch did take advantage of his suspicion that I craved some boon or other, for he whisked off before I could descend with grace from my assumed dignity. Whereupon I did take his photograph out of its handsome frame and substitute one of my father, order shad roe for

dinner in order to heap coals of fire on his head, and then out to luncheon at an inn with Milly Tompkins, and she did tell me how her small nephew, upon learning the meaning of "Women and children first" as a law of the sea, had quoth, "I'm going to do all my travelling whilst I am a child." She did also tell me that some active residents of her countryside are getting up a performance of "The Torchbearers," which in itself is a satire (Please turn to page 32)



A. D. 1670

Lady Castlemaine (to Charles II): THAT NELL GWYNN CAT IS TELLING EVERYBODY THAT I'VE HAD MY FACE LIFTED.

Sweet Nell: NOT AT ALL, YOUR MAJESTY. I MERELY SAID SHE WAS CARRYING THIS RESTORATION IDEA TOO FAR.

The Ghost of a Chance

"Houses with a reputation for being haunted are no longer a drug on the market. A well-authenticated ghost makes a house a 'best-seller.'"

—London Answers.

SCENE: A real estate office. The agent is interviewing a nondescript-looking individual.

THE INDIVIDUAL: Please, sir, then you would be wanting a ghost?

THE AGENT: Why, yes, I might use you. One of our men is down with laryngitis and his howling hasn't been up to much lately. You howl, of course?

THE INDIVIDUAL: Oh, yes, sir! (He throws his head back and clears his throat.)

THE AGENT (hastily): Not in here, please! The typists, you know. Where did you ghost last?

THE INDIVIDUAL: I was ghosting regularly for Peckham & Droole. I had eight houses on me list and I gave full value, sir—howling and chain rattling, creaking staircases and leaving doors open, blowing out candles...

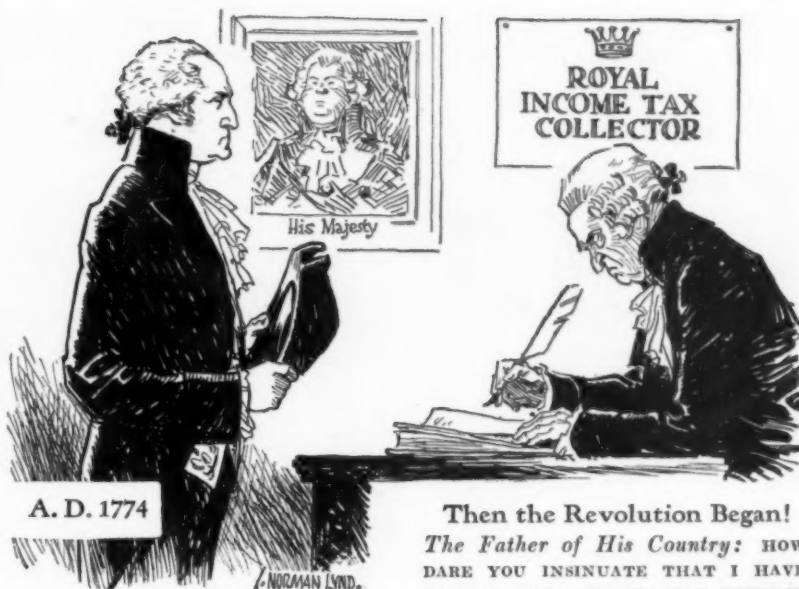
THE AGENT (repressing a slight shiver): Quite so, quite so. Now the usual sum is five pounds a week. Is that satisfactory?

THE INDIVIDUAL: Yes, sir, and expenses, sir.

THE AGENT: Expenses?

THE INDIVIDUAL: Yes, sir. I have a few good tricks of me own, sir, like, for instance, climbing up to a bedroom window and throwing a black cat onto the counterpane. Black cats run into money! And there's pizen for the dogs, and an occasional spider or a bat to let loose. Little incidental sums, but they mounts up.

THE AGENT (laughing hollowly): Well, I fancy we can arrange that. You seem to have your heart in your work, my man.



A. D. 1774

THE INDIVIDUAL (smiling): Well, I can't say as to that, sir. My heart was cut out in 1640 by a black-guardly witch and made into a little pic, sir.

THE AGENT (sharply): What did you say?

THE INDIVIDUAL (hastily): Only my little joke, sir. We ghostses like to have our little joke.

THE AGENT: So you do, so you do. Well, sit down, my man, and I'll make out your contract.

THE INDIVIDUAL (sitting down): Mind if I make myself easy, sir? (He takes off his head and puts it down on the agent's desk.)

THE AGENT: Ah-h-h-h!

THE INDIVIDUAL (quickly popping it back on again): I beg pardon, sir. I forgot you wouldn't be used to that. You see, I'm a real ghost.

THE AGENT (with chattering teeth): A r-r-real gug-gug-ghost?

THE INDIVIDUAL: Yes, sir. What with you hiring these live men for

Then the Revolution Began!

The Father of His Country: HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE THAT I HAVE FALSIFIED MY INCOME TAX RETURN. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT I CANNOT TELL A LIE?

The Revenue Agent: COME, COME, WASHINGTON — EVERY ONE KNOWS THAT CHERRY-TREE STORY IS A MYTH.

ghosts, the competition is getting awful. And I can do with the money, as well. As a matter of fact, they's fifteen other ghostses sitting outside your door right now, waiting to see in case you don't hire me. Fancy your not hiring me, sir. Huh-huh - huh - hAH-HAH-HAH-HOOOOOOOOO! (He got the job.)

H. W. H.

A. D. 1775

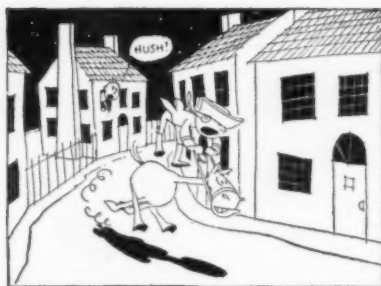


A Gift for Casanova

AN EARLY AMERICAN ADVERTISING RUSE



The Equestrian: THE BRITISH ARE COMING!



"I TELL YA THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"

Tabloid History

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 16, 1622—This is the story of the fighter, the writer and the maid-at-arms. But in whose arms?

Not those of grizzled old Capt. Miles ("Rough and Ready") Standish, the pride of Massachusetts Bay Colony and the scourge of the pesky redskins.

But those of young John Alden, brilliant young writer, whose literary creations under the pseudonym of "Artemus Billings" are well known to magazine editors, some having been almost seriously considered for acceptance.

And the girl? None other than the charming Priscilla Mullens, sixteen and pretty, one of last season's buds and the "Miss Plymouth" of the 1620 Beauty Contest. (NOTE: Early last April Roger Williams, Jr., son of the noted Roger Williams, Sr., announced his engagement to Miss Mullens, a statement which she immediately characterized as "a lot of wampum." The

resulting scandal was fully reported in this newspaper, a limited number of copies being still obtainable.)

The story of the romance was detailed to Your Correspondent by young Mrs. Alden, whom he found in pretty confusion at the Alden apartment, No. 932-A East Mayflower Street.

"Maybe I've made a sucker out of myself, but I'm laying ten to one I didn't," said the dark-tressed little matron, blushing rosily. "I suppose in the beginning I fell for Miles's ('Old Hickory's') uniform. You see, he's kind of fat and I figured he must be at least a major. But I found out he'd deceived me. Anyway, he was always away fighting the varmints or somebody and I de-

plied a bit wearily. "He generally is."

Capt. "Railsplitter" Standish was located just before leaving for the vast Indian territory bounded by Newtonville, Auburndale, the South Framingham Light & Power Station and the New York, New Haven & Hartford tracks.

"I'm only a rough soldier and won't say a word," he declared. "I will say, however, that I'll have that guy's g—ts. I have instructed my lawyers to bring suit for £50,000 against him for alienation of affections and for £808 6s 2½d against her for breach of promise. Not for nothing do they call me 'The Little Corporal!'"

Tip Bliss.

Naturally!

"WHY the coolness between Marcella and Roderick?"

"Well, my dear, he's been devoting himself to her for months—lavishing flowers on her, taking her everywhere and giving nobody else any time—so, naturally, she began to resent it."

THE gold-digger isn't so much concerned with keeping her wits about her as she is her nit-wits.



"The Brit-ish Are Com-ing!!"



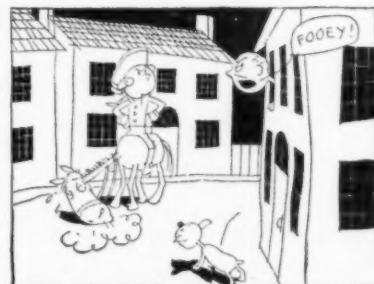
"THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"

cided a bird in the hand is worth two in the bushes. No girl wants a guy who comes in at three in the morning and pulls the old line about having been to a scalping party.

"But it was the limit when he sent Jack around to date me up. I just said, 'Act your age, Jack,' and, well, we got married. Miles ('Stonewall') Standish is out of the picture."

"Where is your husband now?" she was asked.

"I suppose he's up at the post office buying more stamps," she re-



"HMP!"



"THERE'S A WOMAN UNDRRESSING BY AN OPEN WINDOW UP STREET!"
Chorus: WHERE?!!

A. D. 1789



Courtier: THE PEOPLE HAVE GONE MAD. THEY ARE DANCING THE CARMAGNOLE IN THE STREETS.

Marie Antoinette: WHY CAN'T THEY GO TO A NIGHT CLUB?

"True Friendship"

SHE: There is really very little true friendship, isn't there?

HE: I guess that's true, all right.

SHE: I mean I think there are very few people you know who are really fond enough of you to make sacrifices for you or anything.

HE: Absolutely.

SHE: Because most people you know are terribly selfish, don't you really think they are?

HE: That's a fact.

SHE: I mean they are always just thinking about themselves.

HE: That's true, all right.

SHE: But when a person has really true friendship for anybody I think they are really fond enough of them not to consider themselves or anything, don't you?

HE: Yeah—that's true friendship.

SHE: But I think it's frightfully depressing when you think how really few people you know have really true friendship for you in that way, don't you really think it is? I mean I can't think of a single person I know who isn't just thinking of themselves.

L. M.

"I WAS compelled to leave home and live at the Hotel Crillon in Paris," says Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, suing for divorce. The Poor Little Ritz Girl!

Such a Help!

BARBARA: Helen is so sympathetic, isn't she?

Mopsy: Yes, if you're in trouble she'll always tell everybody about it.

A. D. 1790



There Goes \$50,000!

Colonial Dame: WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE THROWING INTO THE FIRE, DEAR?

Colonial Squire: OH—IT'S JUST ANOTHER OF THOSE BORING LETTERS FROM BUTTON GWINNETT.



MAY 19, 1927

VOL. 89. 2324

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE is too much going on in this country just now to receive due attention from any single observer. The Mississippi floods are an enormous calamity softened a little because as yet comparatively few lives have been lost. The floods, according to current headlines, imperil 172,000 people in Louisiana alone. Towns there are being evacuated and armies of refugees are being cared for as is best possible, mainly by the Red Cross. What the total number of families flooded and driven out of their homes will be is still to be computed. Since Noah's flood there has hardly been so wet a time for so many people.

Out of it all come two problems: the immediate one, taking care of the refugees until it is safe for them to go back, and then helping them out with their losses so that they can go on living; the remoter one, but ominously urgent, to provide against future floods. China's great river has earned the name of China's Sor-row because of its flood exploits. In China the woods have been cut off and the waters flow off unimpeded. The Mississippi is on the way to be the sorrow of the Middle West. What has happened and is happening there now has not been unforeseen. This year's flood, caused by unusual rainfalls long continued and the swift advance of spring in all the districts that the Mississippi drains, is, to be sure, unprecedented in volume, but it was not

unforeseen. Engineers have known that some time it would happen. Congress has been besought to provide against it, but, busy with other things and more attentive to politics than to costly precautions, it has neglected to do anything adequate. But now the engineers will get at the problem and something will be done about it. That is the difference between the United States and China. They tell us that there must be a vast provision of reservoirs in the headwaters of the Mississippi and its tributaries. So be it then. The bill will be big, but not so great as the cost of more dallying.



IT seems as if we ought to be thinking of nothing else but this flood. Practically, however, all the average observer can do is to send some money to the Red Cross. That done he can read the current murder trial or pay some attention to China or go to see the visiting fleet or read the baseball news. China and our policy there are a good deal of a muddle, but it seems to be given the best attention that Washington can give it. Our official representatives in China seem to favor a strong display of force to protect foreign holdings and virtually to check the revolutionary movement so far as it leans to marauding. Closely associated with the officials of Britain and France, they seem to be highly sympathetic with them and incline to make common cause with them.

Washington, being farther off and so cooler-headed, is strong for having patience. It is reluctant to occupy Chinese territory with troops. It can see how it can be done, but it cannot see how or when troops can be withdrawn from places where they once take charge. It is a very difficult and perplexing situation, complicated by all manner of propaganda and by a problem of Russian influence. The policy that Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg favor seems to be right. We do not want to get in bad with China. In that indisposition we seem to see eye-to-eye with Japan. We do not want to check the revolution. China needs nationalism, ought to have it, and in the end will get it. Somebody has got to come out on top there if there is to be responsible government. Nevertheless, one must sympathize with the feeling of our resident officials who have concrete problems on their hands and wish to handle them the simplest way.



THE truth is that the concerns of this world just now seem to be running their course without much regard to the wishes of governments. In China, Mexico and most other places great and novel aspirations are struggling powerfully for fulfillment. They may be checked; they may be guided if the guidance contrived is sufficiently skillful, but they will hardly be blocked. They will work through to something, aided by the lessons of the War which have made all governments wary of all military compulsions.

NEXT to China and the floods, interest hereabout just for the moment centers mainly on the Snyder murder, which is notable for its crazy inexpediency. Crazy! yes; just as Macbeth was crazy when he killed Duncan. What makes people do such things? What power is really at the back of such conduct and imparts to them the lunatic optimism that makes them think they can get away with it? Stars above! Let us be good! Being bad is altogether too risky and not even pleasant while you are at it.

E. S. Martin.



Down in Apathy Alley



A. D. 1814

The Imperial Chef Forgets to Include Nap



Conclusion Napoleon with the French Pastry

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print *LIFE*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Barker. *Billmore*—Life in a tent-show, which turns out to be like life anywhere else, only louder. Well done.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Romantic drama based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book," with Walter Hampden as the star.

Crime. *Times Square*—Inside dope on how to rob a store, including an exciting demonstration. Otherwise just fair.

The Field God. *Greenwich Village*—Paul Green, the author of this, just won the Pulitzer Prize with his "In Abraham's Bosom." This one, however, is not so good.

The House of Shadows. *Longacre*—Tom Powers in one of many mystery shows.

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—The management offers \$500 each week for the best essay on this play. Here is one for nothing.

The Mystery Ship. *Comedy*—A good idea handled like a bad one.

Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre. *Forrest*—Last week of imported repertory. In Spanish but interesting.

The Spider. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A mystery play which will probably be remembered (and imitated) for several seasons.

Spread Eagle. *Martin Beck*—Good old-fashioned melodrama with good new-fashioned satire. Very important.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The way of a gypsy maid with several susceptible men. Not worth watching.

The Thief. *Ritz*—Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in a revival of the old Bernstein piece. Well done, but why?

Triple-Crossed. *Morosco*—Mystery play; to be reviewed next week.

Wall Street. *Hudson*—The old story of how miserable rich men are. Done on a revolving stage but otherwise musty.

The Wooden Kimono. *Fulton*—A mixture of hair-raising ingredients, some of which are effective. No love-making in this one, either.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Five years old on Sunday. Somehow we've lost interest by now. **Broadway.** *Broadhurst*—Splendid entertainment.

Chicago. *Music Box*—Very timely spoofing at our tendency to sentimentalize crime and believe the newspapers.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore's dish.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Plymouth*—A whimsical peep into a maiden's mind. Fantastic and clean.

The Gossipy Sex. *Mansfield*—Lynne Overman making a moderately good comedy amusing.

Her Cardboard Lover. *Empire*—Pretty conventional French stuff, with Jeanne Eagels not so happily cast as Leslie Howard.

Love Is Like That. *Cort*—Not very good.

Mixed Doubles. *Bijou*—Margaret Lawrence in something pretty terrible.

Mr. Plim Passes By. *Garrick*—Laura Hope Crews in a revival of Milne's pleasant story.

Ned McCobb's Daughter. *Golden*—A good play, very well done. Alfred Lunt as the bootlegger, Clare Eames as the Yankee superwoman.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—A humorous trifle by Molnar enlivened by refined ribaldry and a good performance by Holbrook Blinn and associates.

Pygmalion. *Guild*—The Theatre Guild giving Shaw a good run for his money.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—History interpreted in terms of sex-appeal, with Jane Cowl as interpreter—all of which is as it should be.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—Ruth Gordon as the young wife who figures out things for herself in a delightful play of household economics.

Sinner. *Klaw*—Marital infidelity among the younger set, participated in by Claiborne Foster and Allan Dinehart.

Tommy. *Ellings*—Juvenile heartaches with attendant complications. Pleasantly innocuous.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Quite all right if you are not exacting.

What Anne Brought Home. *Wallack's*—Still running, for some reason or other.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Cherry Blossoms. *Cosmopolitan*—Not far from the average Japanese operetta.

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Cocoanuts. *Century*—The Marx Brothers back after a winter's trouping in a show which is still very funny.

Countess Maritza. *Jolson*—Good Viennese music.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Satisfactory in almost every way. With Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Reviewed in this issue.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—That there are many people who like this show of Eddie Dowling is immensely shown by the fact that it is one of the season's hits.

Lady Do. *Liberly*—Only fair.

Le Maire's Affairs. *Majestic*—Lester Allen at his best and Charlotte Greenwood at hers in a rather full evening, with Ted Lewis included.

Lucky. *New Amsterdam*—A pretty good show with a lot of features, including Paul Whiteman, Walter Catlett and "Skeets" Gallagher furnish the comedy.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—With Phil Baker. To be reviewed next week.

Oh, Ernest! *Royale*—"The Importance of Being Earnest" made into a musical show. To be reviewed later.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—The class musical comedy of the season, with Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Helen Ford in a show which combines very pretty music with an entertaining book.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—This one seems able to run along indefinitely with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—A beautiful show to look at, especially when the ballet is on. Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler for comedy.

Scandals. *Apollo*—George White showing the rest of the revue producers (by the way, who are they now?) how to do it.

Yours Truly. *Shubert*—Leon Errol in a well-turned-out show with Marion Harris's voice as a special attraction.



Everyday Deeds That Pass Unsung

LOOKING FOR THAT LAST TOOTH TO COMPLETE THE DINOSAUR.



Old and New

WE are not at all proud of our inability to enjoy Viennese operettas. We have a feeling that it implies something vicious in our nature, some unsavory sophistication which rejects honest fun and simple melodies and sneers at elementary entertainment of a worthy, naive robustness. Just as we feel sinister in not laughing at Fred Stone, so do we record, with apologies, that we were pretty bored at "The Circus Princess."

"The Circus Princess" has everything that a good, big entertainment should have. There is a score by Kalman and a book which, if it is not distinguished, is at any rate not bad. It has George Hassell as comedian (here, we are relieved to remember, we did laugh occasionally, but only from the diaphragm and over the dead body of our better instincts), and a juvenile, Mr. Guy Robertson, who threw the house into an uproar at the end of the second act with his really dramatic rendering of the customary deadly recitative finale. It also has a tremendous circus scene with the entire Hanneford ménage, including the bouncing "Poodles" and the Queen Dowager.

And yet it seemed at times as if we should never see that final curtain coming down. As a matter of fact, we didn't.



THIS whole school of Danube entertainment eludes us. We have a great good will toward it and we sit and look, with envious glances, at the broad, smiling faces in the audience. But practically nothing is fanned into flame inside our breast. On the contrary, a great lethargy comes over us.

All the people in the Viennese school seem to be under contract to deliver their lines and to sing as if they were about to juggle plates. They tilt back, with one foot forward, and stretch forth one hand with the fingers arranged in symmetrical progression like Daniel Webster saying, "Massachusetts, there she stands!" (if he did say it).

Now there must be something in the lines which makes actors instinctively take this stance. The lines, the music, the lyrics, the whole spirit of the thing is of highly polished mahogany. George Hassell may make all the funny faces he pleases (and they are very funny faces) but you feel that they are something that he himself has put in through desperation. If you will (and can) listen to his lines you will see that his comedy is quite adventitious. There is no comedy in the book or the situations. There is no life in the idea, and there is no originality in the music. The whole

thing is a gigantic Punch and Judy show, and we are very sorry that, through a life of sin, we have lost the simplicity of spirit to enjoy it.



THE burden of proof is therefore on us when we say that we laughed loudly and often at "Hit the Deck." There is a note in the humor of young Mr. Herbert Fields that is as fresh as the Viennese humor (*per* Harry B. Smith) is old. There is a twist to Vincent Youmans' music which is, compared with the honeyed rhythms of Herr Kalman, as electricity is to gas-light. The whole spirit is alive, just as the whole spirit of the pompous Austrian display is elaborately but unquestionably dead.

The chorus dances which Seymour Felix has arranged for "Hit the Deck" show ingenuity on his part and a spirit of willing labor on the part of the young people concerned. There is an obvious—and successful—desire to give the public something new for its money. This revolutionary tendency in musical comedy is worthy of one raucous huzza—which is hereby given.



LOUISE GROODY heads the cast of "Hit the Deck" and is pretty sweet for our taste, but that is neither here nor there. Charles King and the rest of the male members of the company are highly masculine, as befits a tale of Uncle Sam's Navy, and Stella Mayhew makes a colored mammy seem like a new type of part, a gigantic achievement in itself.



WE hesitate to give examples of the lines by Mr. Fields at which we laughed, but here are a couple. Miss Groody, in explaining why she kept a coffee shop, said:

"When Father died I had to do something."

And Mr. King said:

"I suppose you buried him."

If that is too gruesome, let us hear what the gob said when the young lady asked him if he danced:

"No, but I'll hold you while you dance."

And after the fox-trot, when he apologized for dancing on her feet, she replied graciously:

"I didn't mind your dancing on my feet. It was the jumping on and off that hurt."

Perhaps they are funnier when you hear them spoken.

Robert Benchley.

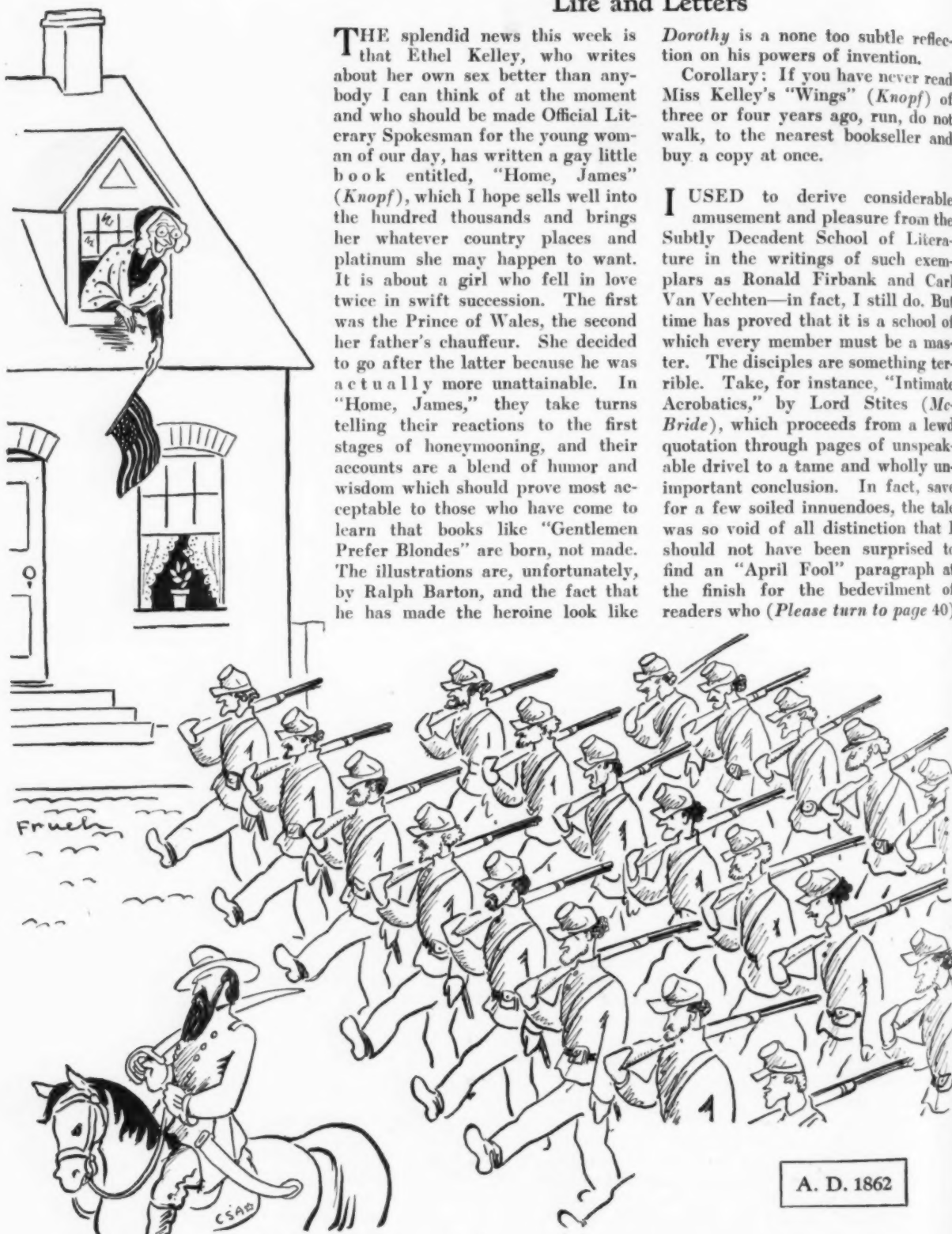
Life and Letters

THE splendid news this week is that Ethel Kelley, who writes about her own sex better than anybody I can think of at the moment and who should be made Official Literary Spokesman for the young woman of our day, has written a gay little book entitled, "Home, James" (Knopf), which I hope sells well into the hundred thousands and brings her whatever country places and platinum she may happen to want. It is about a girl who fell in love twice in swift succession. The first was the Prince of Wales, the second her father's chauffeur. She decided to go after the latter because he was actually more unattainable. In "Home, James," they take turns telling their reactions to the first stages of honeymooning, and their accounts are a blend of humor and wisdom which should prove most acceptable to those who have come to learn that books like "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" are born, not made. The illustrations are, unfortunately, by Ralph Barton, and the fact that he has made the heroine look like

Dorothy is a none too subtle reflection on his powers of invention.

Corollary: If you have never read Miss Kelley's "Wings" (Knopf) of three or four years ago, run, do not walk, to the nearest bookseller and buy a copy at once.

I USED to derive considerable amusement and pleasure from the Subtly Decadent School of Literature in the writings of such exemplars as Ronald Firbank and Carl Van Vechten—in fact, I still do. But time has proved that it is a school of which every member must be a master. The disciples are something terrible. Take, for instance, "Intimate Acrobatics," by Lord Stites (McBride), which proceeds from a lewd quotation through pages of unspeakable drivel to a tame and wholly unimportant conclusion. In fact, save for a few soiled innuendoes, the tale was so void of all distinction that I should not have been surprised to find an "April Fool" paragraph at the finish for the bedevilment of readers who (Please turn to page 40)



Barbara Frietchie: YA-A-A-AH! BUNCH OF POSTMEN!

A. D. 1885

herb
roth.



Queen: I AM NOT IN A GOOD MOOD TO-DAY. I HAVE HEARD RUMORS OF YOUR BAD CONDUCT AND, FURTHERMORE, MY BREAKFAST DIS-AGREED WITH ME.

Prince (quietly): I ADMIRE ITS COURAGE.

The Importance of Being Lady Windermere's Fan

(The End of a Victorian Society Drama.)

LORD DARMLEY (rising and going over to the mantelpiece): And I trust, Lady Marblehurst, that Lady Windermere is better?

LADY MARBLEHURST: Better for being worse, and therefore worse, for being better. Life is like that.

LORD BARBERLEY (rising and climbing inside the fireplace): Life is like a pack of cards—and the last trump is Gabriel's.

BETTY: Gabriel Mintbottom? He plays wretchedly.

LADY MARBLEHURST (paling): Oh, do you know Gabriel Mintbottom?

BETTY: Can any one say one knows any one?

LADY MARBLEHURST (turning blue): What...do you mean?

BETTY (taking a Japanese parasol out of her sleeve—and why not?): Do you recognize this?

LORD DARMLEY: Good heavens! The tightrope walker at the Alhambra!

LADY MARBLEHURST (weeping silently): I...was...that tightrope walker. (Servant enters.)

THE SERVANT: Meddem, Lady Dolly and Lady Polly, the Siamese twins, have separated! (All are stunned by this news. For a moment no one speaks.)

LORD BARBERLEY (significantly, to Darmley): Darmley—you heard what has happened? Shall we—er—join the ladies?

THE CURTAIN COLLAPSES
Henry William Hanemann.

A FOOL and his money stroll around Chicago.

A Large Attendance

IT must have been a fat folks' meet, On the reporter's showing; For when the crowd was all complete To hear that talk on "What to Eat," The paper said that every seat Was filled to overflowing!

M. U.



JOHN HEID JR
ARTIST and
ENGRAVER.

A. D. 1895

The Father: IT'S A PITY OUR LITTLE CLARISSA IS KNOCK-KNEED.
The Mother: BUT HOW FORTUNATE THAT IT WILL NEVER BE OBVIOUS WHEN SHE GROWS UP!

The SILENT DRAMA



"Camille"

IN the souvenir program that is handed out (at so much a throw) at performances of "Camille" appears a "roster of the world's greatest actresses" who have played this famous rôle. Included in the list are Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, Fanny Davenport, Margaret Anglin, Modjeska and Ethel Barrymore.

There is one eminent artist whose name is omitted, but whose performance of "Camille" sticks in my memory as the greatest of all. That is Fannie Brice. It was she who, in a scene in one of the Ziegfeld Follies, said, "I've been a bad woman, Armand...a bad, bad woman...but awfully good company!"

SEEING Miss Talmadge, looking her loveliest as "Camille," and doing her darnedest to squeeze the last tear from this moist drama, I couldn't refrain from thinking about Miss Brice; and the more I thought about Miss Brice, the more I laughed.

Laughter, during any performance

of "Camille," is apt to destroy the illusion which Dumas' sad story is intended to create. I therefore could view Miss Talmadge's picture only as a vision of photographic beauty, and not as a soul-stirring turmoil of volcanic emotions. There wasn't a tear in a barrel of it.

NORMA TALMADGE is extremely ornamental — slimmer and more perfectly poised than I have ever seen her—and she has a good cast to support her. The Armand is Gilbert Roland, a talented newcomer who combines the best physical features of John Gilbert and Ramón Novarro. Fred Niblo's direction is consistently intelligent, although not particularly inspired.

Modern clothes are worn, which is unfortunate; they produce the same semblance of incongruity that would result from a performance of "Is Zat So?" in Louis XIV costumes.

Nazimova once made a movie of "Camille" in modern dress, with Rudolph Valentino as Armand. It, too, was a futile attempt to rejuvenate a

drama whose only claim to admiration or respect is its venerable age.

Again,
"The King of Kings"

IN the *New Republic* Gilbert Seldes says that the success of "The King of Kings" has set the progress of the silent drama back a decade—basing his statement on the belief that De Mille's latest classic is not a moving picture at all, but a series of still portraits.

Admitting, to a certain extent, the justice of the charge, it seems to me that Mr. Seldes' deductions are absurd.

Mr. De Mille has tried to achieve spiritual beauty on the screen, and has been very dignified and very solemn about it. In all respects save one (and that a crucially important one) he has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. But whether he has succeeded or failed, he has certainly not set back the progress of the motion picture by so much as ten minutes.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent

The King of Kings. A beautiful but not entirely impressive picturization of the Gospels according to St. Cecil B. De Mille.

Ankles Preferred. Madge Bellamy in an excessively cheap shop-girl story.

Chang. Don't miss this. It's the most thrilling animal picture of all.

White Gold. Jetta Goudal as a Mexican dancer who marries a sheep rancher and then has trouble with his folks. Sombre, but well done.

The Sea Tiger. Every member of the cast of this drama takes a few wallops at every other member, but the picture itself fails utterly to land.

Casey at the Bat. That comical oaf, Wallace Beery, as the Sultan of Swat of the Gay Nineties.

Long Pants. Harry Langdon at his best some of the time.



Friend: WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

Illustrator: I'M PAINTING A PICTURE FOR THE BACK NUMBER.

Developments

The Rough Riders. Flag-waving against the unheroic background of the Spanish War. Much of it is effective.

When a Man Loves. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in a turbulent and very passionate melodrama.

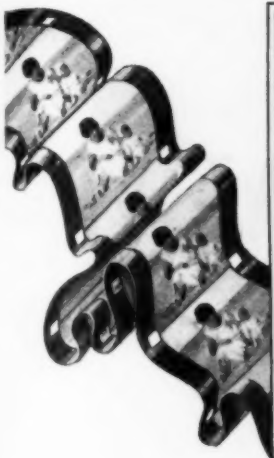
The Love of Sunya. No one can say that Gloria Swanson doesn't try hard to make this go, but it just won't.

Tell It to the Marines. Lon Chaney and William Haines among the leathernecks.

The Better 'Ole. Strenuous antics behind the British front, with Syd Chaplin as Old Bill.

Flesh and the Devil. If you haven't seen John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in this, you literally don't know the ½ of it.

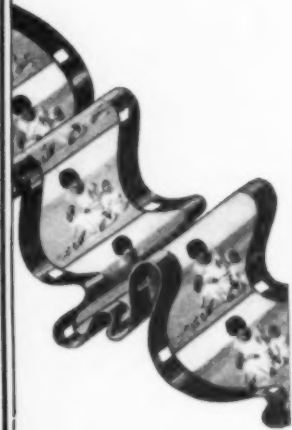
What Price Glory; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Old Ironsides; The Scarlet Letter; Beau Geste; The Fire Brigade; Stark Love and The Big Parade. Yes—yes—yes.



You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.



A click of the switch on your Kodoscope projector, and the picture you've made is on your screen.



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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Half price on finest Ben Wade English Pipes

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\$10.00

Ben Wade Pipes

\$5.00

REGULAR

\$8.50

Ben Wade Pipes

\$4.25

Introductory Offer



In England most everyone knows Ben Wades.

But England is 4000 miles away . . . and frankly, not enough men in America know them—or know what pleasure there is in smoking pipes of their quality. We sincerely believe that if 10,000 men once enjoyed Ben Wade's mellowness and sweetness they'd "tell the world"—tell 10 times 10,000 other men how good they are. In other words "word-of-mouth advertising"—you know the value of that.

To accomplish that we are willing for a limited time to match each man's money dollar for dollar and cut the price in half on Ben Wade pipes. Perfect Ben Wades unconditionally guaranteed. Selected-Grain, Natural-Finish \$10 pipes at \$5, and Walnut-Finish \$8.50 pipes at \$4.25.

Ben Wades are unlike any other pipe. No "breaking in" to torture your tongue because there is no stain or varnish inside a Ben Wade bowl for you to smoke out. Fine, hard briar polished and pumiced to perfection. The pores are not sealed up. The pipe bowl can absorb all impurities.

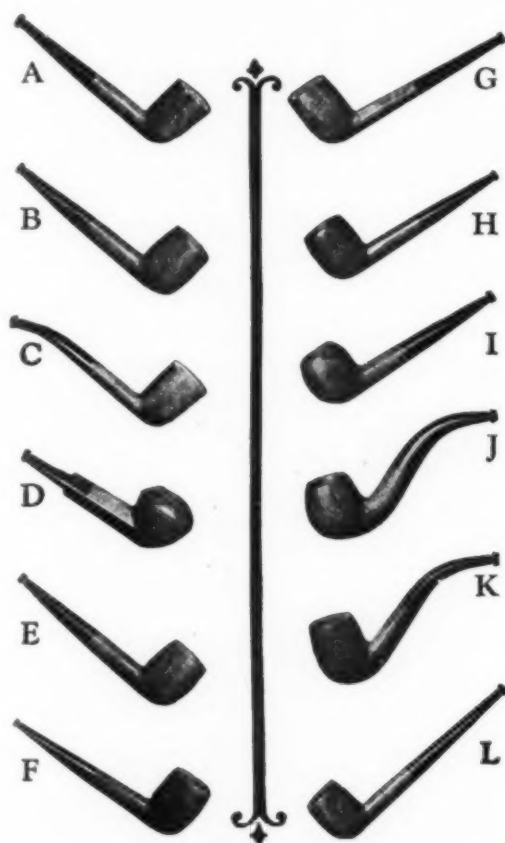
The grain is exquisite. The color deepens and mellows. The finish glows like satin. Such a pipe becomes a personal treasure—like a favorite mashie or a long-loved fishing rod.

Pack a Ben Wade full up with your pet tobacco. Find out how good that tobacco can be when you get its *full-flavor* when you smoke *all* tobacco and *no* pipe—true only with Ben Wades.

If your dealer cannot supply you, tear out the order blank to the right, check the finish and shape you like best, and mail it to Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.



Check the pipe you want on this simple ORDER BLANK pipe sent on approval



YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY

Just check the shape you want and specify Natural finish at \$5 or Walnut finish at \$4.25 . . . sign your name and address . . . and that's all there is to do. The mailman will deliver your pipe and you can pay him for the pipe plus a few cents postage. If you are likely not to be at home it would be simpler to send check with order. Money refunded if your Ben Wade pipe isn't 100% satisfactory.

To HARGRAFT & SONS, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, Illinois*

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____



Almost the Noblest Roman

(Continued from page 8)

complies and waits in the car outside for three-quarters of an hour. SIGNORA M. finally emerges, without water-wings.)

MUSSOLINI: A rigid program of national economy has been instituted, and the most stringent decrees have been issued—

SIGNORA M. (absent-mindedly): Oh, by the way, dear, I ordered two of the duckiest dresses back there at P. & T.'s! I just couldn't resist them. And, anyway, it doesn't matter, because the bill won't be in until next month.

MUSSOLINI (gulping slightly): Why, certainly, my dear. The army will proceed northward through the Alpine passes, gathering reinforcements on the—

SIGNORA M.: I want to drive down Southern Boulevard.

MUSSOLINI: But I wanted—whatever you wish, my dear. Through my impassioned orations I shall arouse the citizens to such a degree of patriotic fervor that—

SIGNORA M.: Benito! You just shaved that big anti-pasto plant! Now, you attend strictly to your driving. I don't want to hear another word out of you all the rest of the way.

MUSSOLINI: No, my dear, but—

SIGNORA M.: Benito!

(The drive is completed in silence—from the front seat.)
Tip Bliss.

Sticking to One Old Tradition

THE president of the Gargantuan Film Company was talking to the architect who was to build Gargantuan Gardens, the Mosque of the Movies.

"There must be," said the president, "fifty-seven organ consoles operating three organs, each twice as large as any in the world. I want room for eighteen symphony orchestras, twenty-five jazz bands and nine or ten string quartettes to play simultaneously. The stage must be sufficiently large to accommodate a ballet corps of two thousand four hundred and eighteen girls, twelve men and a ballet master, a male chorus of sixteen hundred voices, a female chorus of seventeen hundred and twenty-five voices, and a military band of nine hundred and eighteen pieces, as well as a fife and drum corps, a bugle and drum corps, a fife and bugle corps, a harmonica band of four hundred and two soloists, ninety-seven saxophone ensembles and two or three color organs.

"It is absolutely essential that there be seven double-sized screens on which we can project two pictures per screen simultaneously. Three ushers must escort every person to his seat and explain how much the theatre cost. And there must be at least twelve or thirteen box offices open day and night, each containing thirty-five beautiful girl treasurers."

"But," said the architect, "you've only one square block to do all this. You won't have any room for seats. Where will you put the audience? How will you accommodate the people who come to see your shows?"

"That's easy," replied the great mind. "We'll keep them in lines on the sidewalk, as usual!"

Carroll Carroll.

A Bad Influence

SWEET YOUNG THING: I don't approve of your friendship with Mrs. Swiftset, Mummy. Her children have brought her up all wrong.

STATUETTES of the Venus de Milo have been barred from Budapest as immoral. The shameless hussy, you may recall, wears skirts 'way down to her feet.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Futurism



The Tailor's Portrait

"YOU'VE BLOCKED IT OUT SPLENDIDLY. NOW HOW ABOUT FINISHING IT?"

"OH, NO, I WOULDN'T DO ANOTHER THING TO IT. I MIGHT SPOIL IT."



The Artist's Clothes

"YOU'VE BLOCKED IT OUT SPLENDIDLY. NOW HOW ABOUT FINISHING IT?"

"OH, NO, I WOULDN'T DO ANOTHER THING TO IT. I MIGHT SPOIL IT." —Le Journal (Paris).

Who's Wild Now?

WHEN the circus paraded through Charleston with a troupe of painted Sioux Indians, said to be direct from the Rosebud Reservation, little Robert asked his mother:

"Were those genuine wild Indians, Mama?"

Colored servant Mandy, who had been listening, exclaimed in pop-eyed amazement:

"Do dem people grow wild?"

—Charleston News and Courier.

Another Traveler's Tale

"THIS is all very interesting," said the Des Moines dentist to the dragoman at the Acropolis of Athens, "but what I came here to see is the exact spot where those four horsemen started out on their famous ride." —New York World.

THE poet's scientific son might say, "She was a television of delight..."

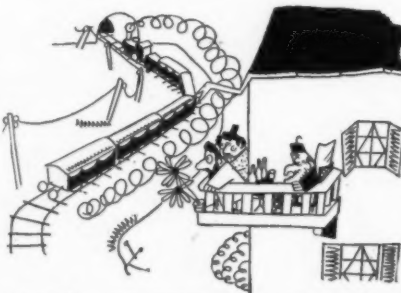
—Arkansas Gazette.



He: I'M JOLLY GLAD I DIDN'T GET THAT SEPARATION!

—Tit-Bits (London).

THE Einstein theory is four years old this week. There's another one of the Younger Generation who is misunderstood. —Detroit News.



"DOESN'T THE VIBRATION OF THE TRAIN BOTHER YOU?"

"NOT SINCE GRANDFATHER'S BEEN A CHRONIC INVALID—IT SAVES US THE TROUBLE OF SHAKING UP HIS MEDICINES."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

Insensibility

IT had just been explained to the little boy that a fakir was a man who could stick nails, knives, etc., into himself without experiencing the slightest discomfort. Glancing at his father's bamboo cane, he said wistfully: "I wish I was a fakir, too—at least in the seat of my trousers!"

—Fliegende Blätter (Munich).

A Lone Merit

THE best thing we know Of the popular song Is the fact that it doesn't Stay popular long.

—Boston Transcript.

It's getting to be a pretty small town that doesn't have the largest picture palace in the world. —Collier's.

The Japanese Schoolboy

THE Oriental mind works differently from that of the Caucasian, as is evidenced by the following incident:

Minoru San had been a habitual late arrival at his classroom. The teacher became suspicious and asked the reason for his tardiness. Replied the boy:

"There is a sign near our school which says, 'School Go Slow.' I didn't want to violate the order of the police department, so I abided by it."

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Spoken Like a Man

WIFE: Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married.

HUSBAND: You're wrong, my dear. Nothing brings home the fact with so much force. —Chicago Tribune.

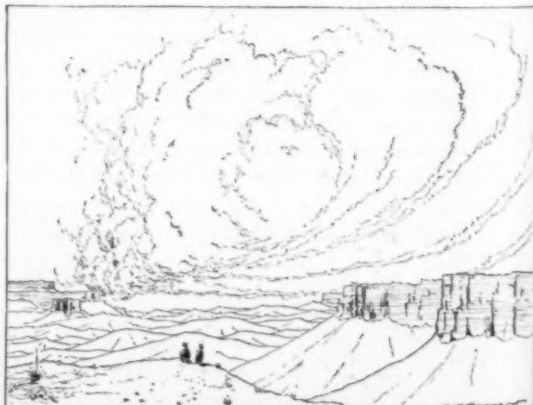
"She was roused from her sleep by loud cries of 'fore!' —Provincial Paper.

THOSE golf-mad husbands!

—Humorist (London).

THE American people are a race of back-seat drivers in government.

—Atchison Globe.



"SAY, BILL, DID YOU EVER GET LONESOME?"

"I SHORE DID—I SPENT A WEEK IN NEW YORK ONCE."

—Colorado Dodo.

The Vindictive Subscriber

A WELL-KNOWN official of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the phone.

"Hello," he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked the voice.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said the voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number."

—Chicago Evening Post.

The Earlier the Better

ART DEALER: Of course, it is extremely expensive because it's an Early Ming vase and therefore only for the ardent connoisseur.

PARVENU: If you put it like that I'll 'ave to 'ave it. Where can I buy some mings to put in it?

—Bystander (London).

"I HEAR that your girl said she didn't love you any more."

"You're wrong. She said that she never did."—M. I. T. Foo Doo.



Academic

Grandfather: PETER, ISN'T IT TIME

LITTLE BOYS WERE IN BED?

Very Modern Child: I'M SORRY, GRANDPA, IT'S A SUBJECT IN WHICH I HAVE LITTLE INTEREST. YOU SEE, I HAVE NO LITTLE BOYS.

—Tatler (London).

Revived

EVER hear Bert Williams, a true comedian, tell the story of the captain of the colored company at Camp Dix? He said that the company needed a good bugler, and that if there were any in the company they should step one pace forward.

One little wizened colored fellow shuffled front.

"Are you a good bugler?" asked the captain.

"No, sah, I'se no bugler!" the private declared, as if he'd been insulted.

"Well, for the love of the army and navy, what did you step forward for, then?"

"Well, sah," grinned the little colored fellow, "I thought you said 'buglar'!"

—Toledo Blade.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Match Borrower, New Style

"PARDON me," murmured the up-to-the-minute young man as he champed the end off a new cigar, "have you a match I can borrow to light this lighter?"

—Detroit News.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



Go-where the Fish are Striking

HOOKE! You bet he's hooked! Game little scrapper. He's given you a battle. Your heart pounds—your blood tingles—as you play him toward the net. Man! there's a real thrill.

Bass waters soon open. Go fishing this season with a Johnson Motor astern of your boat. Attaches to any rowboat. Anyone can operate. Sturdy—powerful—speedy. 4 new 1927 models offer speeds of 8 to 27 m. p. h. Ask any Johnson dealer for a trial. Write for catalog!

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The complete line of PENNSYLVANIA Quality Mowers for public parks and golf courses is illustrated and described in an attractive new catalogue. Write today for your copy.

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LAWN MOWERS

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CANADA'S EASTERN PLAYGROUNDS

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Whether you plan to spend a week or a month or more, let Canadian National Railways help you to map out just the sort of vacation you'll remember with satisfaction.

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Please send me free, the booklet checked

LIFE 4

- ☐ Ontario Resorts ☐ Quebec Resorts
☐ Maritime Province Resorts
☐ Lower St. Lawrence Resorts

Name.....
(If student, state grade)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

on amateur theatricals, and I could not but think how George Kelly, its author, would enjoy the rehearsals, in especial as he has wrote one stage direction which reads, "At this point Mr. Ritter falls downstairs," and against which Billy Tompkins, playing Mr. Ritter, does protest bitterly because of his double hernia. After luncheon to Saks' to get M. le Clairville to reset the folds in my butter beige hat which contact with taxicab tops has disarranged, and then to Worth and Roberts' to look at gowns and saw there the loveliest *mille fleurs* material that ever I beheld in my life and from which I ordered a frock made straightway without even inquiring the price, but there was not enough left in the piece, a fact which proves that Providence was watching over me, for God knows I have no money this month to spend on apparel. In the evening to the playhouse to see a piece called "The Second Man," highly diverting, albeit I was somewhat disappointed at first when I discovered it was not going to be about a footman.

Baird Leonard.

Disgust

THE truth is, among modern readers, the highbrows are disgusted with the lowbrows for being disgusted with things that the lowbrows are disgusted with the highbrows for not being disgusted with.

—New Statesman (London).

WHOM the courts would acquit they first make mad.—Arkansas Gazette.



**Boston
Garter**
Velvet Grip

The Agrippa Web Boston is made as a garter should be made,—ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back which prevents slipping even when worn very loose.

At stores everywhere—50 cents a pair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston
How Did Your Garters Look This A. M.?



IN surpassing smartness and in brilliancy of performance, the LaSalle is as new as the morning's sun—but in its assurance of fine and unfailing service it is as old as Cadillac's own twenty-five years of reputation and responsibility

The LaSalle is the fortunate beneficiary of those engineering principles and precise practices which Cadillac, during the last fourteen years, has continuously refined and improved in manufacturing 250,000 eight-cylinder, 90-degree, V-type motor cars

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*Come
where the soft sun
streams through
GIANT
Redwood Aisles*

AND YOUR summer-travel story will be the best of all! . . . In your own car—by rail—by stage, as you please, include this great tour of California's Redwood Empire, reaching from San Francisco north to Grants Pass, and Portland, Oregon, through 97% of all the Redwoods in the world!

For a hundred miles or more, you'll be actually in the shade of these 3,000-year-old giants—often 350 feet high, 25 feet in diameter. You'll see, also, rugged coastline, natural steam geysers, a petrified forest, Clear Lake and Blue Lakes; lagoons, old Missions, the famous Oregon Caves—all on this one great trip, a part of your western tour. And you'll see a hundred lovely places where you'd like to make a permanent home. Hundreds of good hotels, resorts and camp grounds are all along the route.

Write for folders—or just come ahead! We will supply you full information when you arrive. Bring golf clubs—fishing tackle!

Let us mail you these folders if you have time, but don't wait for them!

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**Conditions of the Great
Alibi Contest**

(Please turn to page 13 for other information.)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-THREE."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way . . ." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-THREE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-THREE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on June 2, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of June 23, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

ADVANCE NUMBER

will be out next week, with a dadaistic cover by F. G. COOPER, and all the latest angles on the future. Don't miss it!



**No more
mussy-manes!**

THE order of the day in business or social life is a trim, clean contour for the head. Roaching and bunching, thin wisps, straggling scalp-locks and cow-licks—simply won't do.

The man who uses Glo-Co is never troubled by such things. He uses Glo-Co every morning—he knows it's as important as shave or shower. Glo-Co not only keeps the hair properly in place all day—it goes after dandruff too. Use Glo-Co Shampoo also—your doctor would recommend it.

If you can't get Glo-Co preparations at your favorite drug store, barber shop, or department store, send \$1 for a full-size package of each product. Address: Glo-Co Company, Dept. F-5, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GLO-CO
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

"I HAD five big days last year," remarked the Chicago florist who was talking shop with another from out of town; "four gangsters' funerals and Mother's Day."—*Detroit News*.

**BRIDGE HOW TO BID
WHAT TO PLAY**

For the beginner as well as the advanced player. New simple method. Guiding chart systematically informs correct bidding and order of play, with set of containers for cards. Entertaining and instructive.

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CORNS

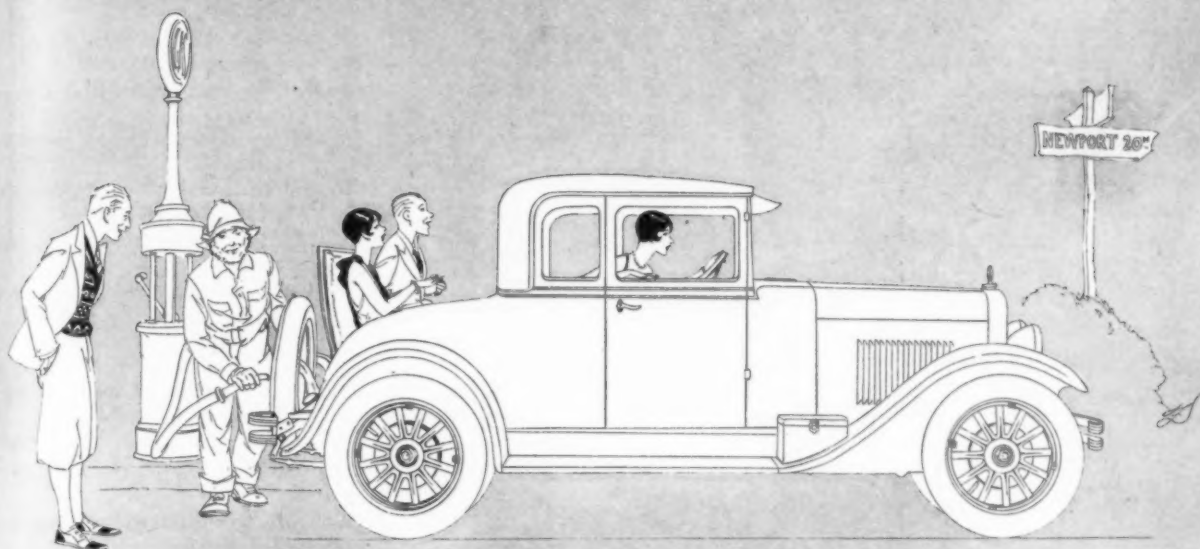
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"CE PETIT MOTEUR EST TRÈS ÉCONOMIQUE"—LE TEMPS, PARIS



"One gallon, Dad, and lift anchor. We gotta make Newport by dark."

"Only one?"

"Sure! Where'dya think we're goin'—Shanghai? Read the nameplate—it's an Erskine Coupe!"

FINALS (ugh)...then Commencement (ah)...and summer just ahead! Vacation days...soaking up sunshine at the beach...evenings spent with that chic blonde you met at the homecoming game...a smart car...your own personal car—an Erskine Six Custom Coupe.

Undergraduate America's new car—the Erskine Six—miles out in front of the rest. Dietrich, without a peer among custom body carrossiers, designed it; moulded its lines, endowed it with Continental sophistication. Trim as a silken ankle...inside, room no end for two...rumble seat behind built just for a double date. High hat in everything but price.

And can it do its stuff? Yes, sir, and how...slips through jumbled traffic with the ease of an inspired eel...hangs onto the road at sixty like a co-ed at her first prom...climbs up a ski slide in high...handles, wheels around and pulls up like a polo pony.

Summer is beckoning—so is "The Little Aristocrat"—a real companion for vacation days.

The Erskine Six Custom Coupe, as illustrated, sells for \$995 f. o. b. factory, complete with front and rear bumpers and self-energizing 4-wheel brakes.

ERSKINE SIX

(THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT)

FOR GOLFERS WITH A PRO-BRITISH COMPLEX



"How's the priceless old game, Colonel?"

"Topping, Damme, Topping!"

SPALDING GOLF BALLS IN ENGLAND? WELL RATHER!

QUITE right, old thing—Spalding Golf Balls are tremendously popular in Britain.

Dropping into the merry old French, one might say that among British golfers, they are quite the *dernier cri*, quite!

There's nothing so frightfully, awfully peculiar about that either. For years and years, these clever little Spalding-made spheroids have been the favorites of the champions—both amateurs and professionals. And those Johnnies are in the know,

so to speak. They know their marmalade.

Fancy—during the past decade, Spalding Golf Balls have won three times as many major championships—National and International—as all other makes of balls put together. Astounding, what?

One would really suspect that Spalding has the knack of building better balls. Pop into your professional's or favorite sporting goods shop, and get one to try. Any ball made by Spalding you'll like, no end—really!

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SPALDING GOLF BALLS

A. J. Spalding & Bros.

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Dumb Dora's Lament

LAST night at Mame's sat a jovial, hearty
Spinster deficient in Sister Glyn's
"It"

Who (and this hurts) was the Life
of the Party—

Gosh, but that wench made a
wonderful hit!

I pulled the wise-cracks that always
had got 'em,

Used my dependable, sweet baby
stare,

Charlestoned and showed 'em the
latest Black Bottom—

All that my parlor tricks got was
the air!

I that no gentleman ever had passed
by,

I who've had millionaires down
on their knees

Find that at parties I now am out-
classed by

Dames who can answer such ques-
tions as these:

"What do we mean when we speak
of a lascar?"

Name seven planets, exclusive of
Mars.

Where are Sumatra, Siam, Mada-
gascar?

How many miles is the earth from
the stars?"

There I sat, tearful, a tortured, tor-
mented

Dumb-belle whose cheeks burned
with terrible shame;

Gee, I could mangle the guy who in-
vented

Ask Me Another, that horrible
game...

What's that you say? Well, I cer-
tainly can, sir!

Not good at questions? For cryin'
out loud!

Questions that this little lady can
answer

Ain't ever asked in the midst of a
crowd!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Only Way

A young man proposed to a girl and was accepted. After their first tender transports were over they fell into serious talk.

"Now that we are engaged," said the girl, "we must begin to economize. Promise me, darling, that you won't do anything you can't afford."

The young man laughed grimly.

"If I promised you that," he said, "I'd have to break off our engagement."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Desperate Measures

"WHY did you get rid of that splendid cook of yours?"

"It was the only way to get our guests to go home."—*London Evening News.*

Life

To say "TREMENDOUS" see Banff!

THE eye cannot measure it all at once. Your gaze sweeps out and far... there are peaks, a mossy mat of greenery, a foaming watercourse, a rough intervalle, more peaks...

Your eye returns to the hotel promenade. The people are ants! The horses, pigmies! The huge hotel dwarfed to a nursery toy!

For the first time, you realize what the word "tremendous" means. You comprehend the size, the majesty of that magnificent canvas spread out before

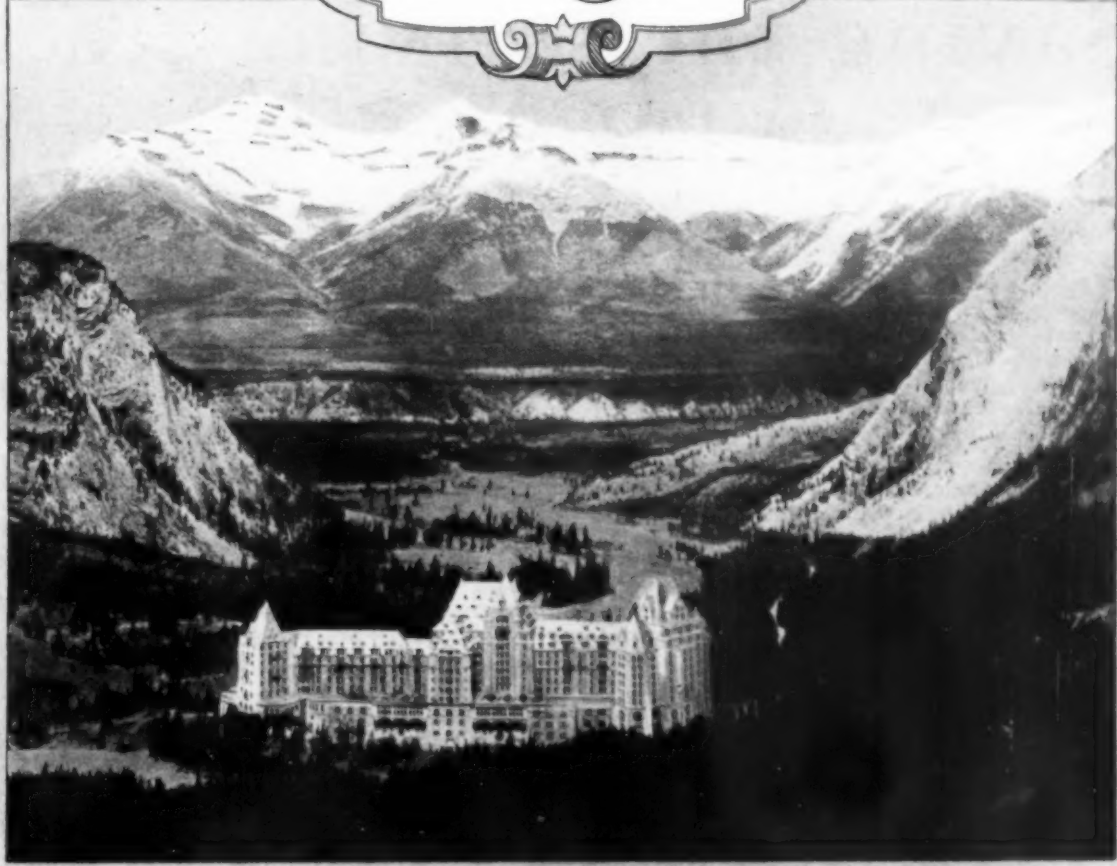
you. Those peaks are ten-thousand-foot giants. That mossy mat is a forest of towering pine. That watercourse is the thundering torrent of the Bow. That tumbled intervalle is a day's hard ride. That snow-capped range is the back drop of all creation.

Yes, all this you see from Banff Springs Hotel. You ride out into it at will. You golf in the midst of its glory. You wake to its rosy dawns, you eat beside its full sun-

shine, you sit out dances while the moon floods its peaks with cold fire.

Open May 15. 450 rooms. Boating, swimming, sulphur baths... tennis, golf, motoring, trail-riding, mountaineering, Indian celebrations and the most tremendous view on the continent. Plan for a long stay—so much to see, so much to do. Interested service from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office listed below, or write to Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Canada.

Banff



Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies

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BEFORE TREATMENT

June, 1925, before treatment. Tree in Central Park starving through neglect under semi-artificial conditions. Note thin foliage and dying top



AFTER TREATMENT

June, 1926—same tree one year after treatment. Restored to new health and vigor through Davey methods of scientific feeding and pruning

Saving the starving trees of Central Park, New York

TO EXPLAIN away the obvious results of neglect and inefficiency, various fanciful and fallacious theories were advanced as to the reasons why the trees of Central Park are dying. In 1925 the Davey Company challenged these unwarranted claims, and made the positive assertion that the trees of Central Park are dying from neglect and starvation. To prove the truth of this assertion, the Davey Company offered to treat, at its own expense, 100 dying trees as a demonstration.

A careful survey by Davey Experts indicated that about 25% of the older trees of Central Park are too far gone to save, and another 25%, approximately, are border-line cases in advanced stages of decline, but with some reasonable chance of saving them by proper treatment. The other 50% were in varying conditions from fairly good to relatively poor.

The 100 trees selected for demonstration were taken from the second group of border-line cases, and the Davey Company staked its reputation on its ability to save a substantial portion of these dying trees. The treatment given was the result of John Davey's life experience and the quarter of a century experience of the whole Davey organization.

This treatment was a combination of practical common sense and scientific knowledge and experience. For exactly the same reason that a good farmer cultivates his fields and fertilizes his soil, the ground under these trees was thoroughly cultivated—adequate and appropriate fertilizers were used—the ground was prepared to receive both water and air, so vital to plant life. One of

the important elements in this program was the use of Davey Tree Food to stimulate new growth quickly.

In addition to this, the trees were given expert scientific pruning to eliminate the dead and weak parts, and to establish a proper balance between a dying top and an impoverished root system. All the trees of Central Park are living under semi-artificial conditions, aggravated by neglect.

One year later, in June, 1926, photographs were again taken of the same 100 trees, and a thorough examination disclosed the fact that 90% of them showed definite improvement, a large proportion showing really marvelous improvement. The other 10% were holding their own.

All of this proves beyond the possibility of doubt or fallacious argument that most of the trees of Central Park can be saved, if the civic pride of New York forces a prompt and complete abandonment of the past policy of neglect.

All trees growing under lawn conditions are living under more or less artificial handicaps. Many of them are actually starving, slowly or rapidly. They need help. Are any of your trees starving? Look for danger signs in the slowly dying tops. The local Davey representative will be glad to examine your trees and report their condition to you without cost or obligation.



JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.
736 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

Mighty Suspicious

A GEORGIA statesman tells the story of an aged Negro who saw an extraordinary-looking instrument in the shop of an optician. He gazed in open-mouthed wonder, and, turning to the optician, inquired:

"What is it, boss?"

"That," replied the optician, "is an ophthalmometer."

"Sho'," muttered the other, his eyes still fastened on the curious-looking thing on the counter, as he backed out, "sho', dat's what I was afeard it was!"

—*Christian Register.*

The Grammar Situation in Graham County

FROM the Moreland (Kan.) Monitor: "I have been criticized quite a little by some of the town smart alecks for using poor grammar. Now I have three good reasons for this. In the first place, I don't know any better. Second, half of you wouldn't understand it if I did use it. Third, if I did speak and write correctly I might be managing some big New York paper at a large salary and you farmers would lose the best editor in Graham County."

—*New York Evening Post.*

The Man who gambled with health ... and lost



Your dentist knows the reason

Too many men and women gamble with the cards stacked against them. Neglect wins and they pay their losses in priceless health.

Don't leave health to chance. Take these preventive measures to protect it against such a grim agent of destruction as Pyorrhea—the sinister enemy that receives high toll in health from 4 out of 5 after 40 and from thousands younger.

Play Safe

See that your dentist gives your teeth and gums a thorough examination at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

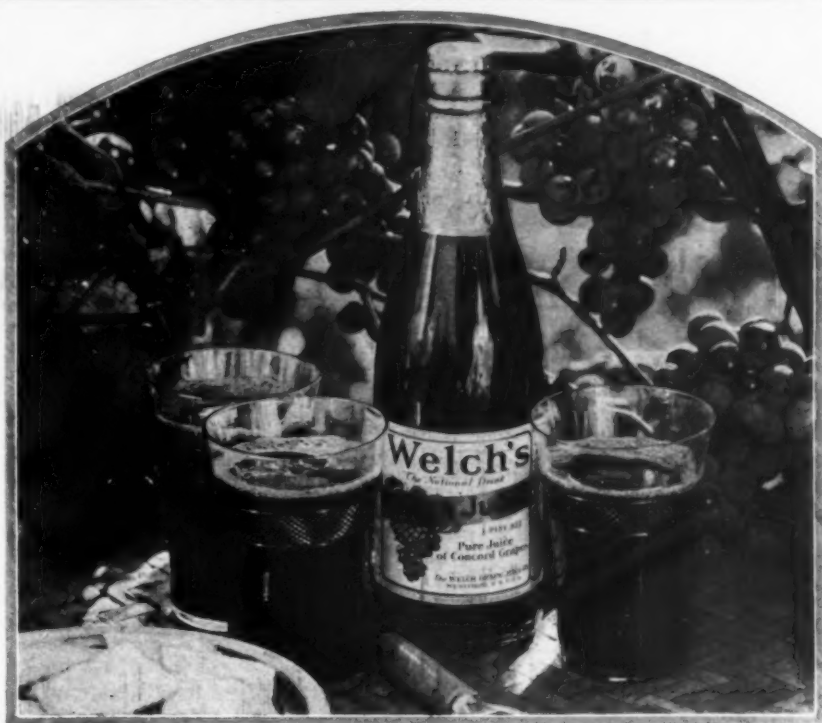
Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, this dentifrice is sound health insurance. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. If used regularly and in time, it wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course. Also, it firms gums, keeps teeth a lustrous white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Start using Forhan's now. Teach your children to use it. They'll love its flavor. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

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PURE JUICE of the FRESH FRUIT

WHENEVER you like, as often as you like—that's the right time to drink Welch's Grape Juice.

Can't possibly hurt you—it's pure fruit juice—squeezed from ripe fresh grapes.

In fact, doctors say that Welch's will do you a world of good, because of the fresh-fruit elements it gives you.

Mineral salts, vitamins, laxative properties—Welch's is rich in them. It is a storehouse of natural fruit sugar that provides quick energy; it has valuable anti-acid qualities.

People who travel are enjoying Welch's for breakfast; it's served on the finest trains—the Broadway Limited and the 20th Century—in the best hotels—and on the Leviathan, the George Washington, and other vessels of the U. S. Lines going to Europe.

Some cool ways to serve Welch's in mixed drinks are given on every label.

Free:—Book of cool fruit drinks and the story of Welch's for health. Write for it. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-33, Westfield, N. Y. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.



When you taste WELCH PUNCH you'd never believe it is so easy to mix. Add to 1 pint of Welch's the juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange, 1 cup of sugar and 2 pints of water. Serve very cold. This recipe makes 8 table glasses or 20 punch cups

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Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

had allowed themselves to reach it. The jacket says that it is dedicated to the proposition that life is to be taken with a befitting lack of seriousness, and that its characters are "a group of modern Americans who flit back and forth between Paris and Park Avenue just as if it really mattered where they were." Well, I don't take life any more seriously than the next one—in fact, I take it less so, because the next one has written several letters about my gaiety to Douglas Elliman & Co. But when the exigencies of my profession require me to read about people whom the publisher admits to be inconsequential, I insist that what they do and say shall be at least diverting.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER has indeed, as the more academic critics tell us, a peculiar talent. There are moments when, for me, it is almost *too* peculiar, and yet I managed to get through "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" (Viking Press), which is more than I could do for her popular "Lolly Willows" of last year, and to pull several smiles over the vagaries of its hero, a missionary who rated one convert in three years on a South Sea Island, and then found that even *that* one was doing nicely in refuting what the Bible says about the worship of God and Mammon. This revelation of how the Polynesians came near to turning the tables on their well-wisher is a polished piece of grotesque, and it contains a perfectly lovely definition of an umbrella. But for the author to follow the current custom of announcing on the fly-leaf that the scenes and characters of her story are entirely imaginary is going almost too far, even in the interest of left-handed humor.

Baird Leonard.

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In the far corners, you will find one still cheaper.

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